The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

Ben Meyers would make a good postmaster for Harrisburg, and deserving the appointment.

H. L. Dieffenbach was defeated by a small majority of 39, in Clinton co. for associate Judge. What a pity.

Chairman Cooper announces that he will be a candidate for U. S. Senator. It is said Quay will also be a candidate.

A movement has been started to run Gov. Pattison for Mayor of Philadelphia. He would make a No. 1 Mayor, having been a first class Governor.

The Lock Haven Democrat complains that the kickers did much harm to the Democratic ticket in Clinton co., and caused the defeat of the venerable H. L. Dieffenbach. Shame!

The Clinton Democrat says the kickers dont feel more than about half as good now as they did before the election.

Ditto may be said of Centre county.

When Lewisburg was smaller, there were two tanneries within her limits; now there isn't one. Why so?—Chronicle.

Guess because your hides are not worth tanning.

With Quay in the Senate, along with Cameron, Pennsylvania will be put down as the mute commonwealth.

The Keystone is a great state, but she picks upon slim talent to represent her in the most august body in the world.

Germany is threatened with hard times. Great distresss is predicted this coming winter. Trade is paralized and work is failing everywhere. The authorities of the State dockyards discharge men weekly, and at the factories there are many hundreds idle.

Quay is out gunning for the U. S. Senatorship and has already captured the Philadelphia delegation. Harry Oliver, the wealthy Pittsburg iron master, is also having an eye on it. So is ex-speaker Grow, also chairman Cooper. Quay is likely to be the man to have the largest poll to knock the persimmons.

Complete returns of the election leave the Salt River crowd a small one. The Republicans need not go up because they elected Beaver. The Democrats need not go up because they elected their county ticket and made unexpected gains. The only ones who must go up are about ten lonely kickers, who led off and got nothing.

Sunset Cox is a happy man once more. The Gov. accepted his resignation as Minister to Turkey, and he has been re-elected to Congress from one of the New York districts. Both Mr. Cox and the country are to be congratulated. Says an exchange.

How about poor Turkey, is she not to be congratulated?

The "importance of one vote" argument and appeal received numerous illustrations at the recent election. Congressman Lawler in Illinois has six majority and Campbell, in Ohio three. The New Jersey Legislature is Democratic on joint ballot by one majority and the Indiana Legislature by two. In one of the New Jersey Legislative districts there is a tie between the two candidates and another election will be necessary.

Good gracious a crown has been refused. The King of Denmark, on behalf of his son, Prince Waldemar, has sent a telegram to Zirnova expressing his thanks for the honor conferred upon his son, but declining upon any condition to allow him to accept the throne of Bulgaria.

In some places not to get a nomination for a small office causes awful kicking, and here's a fellow who wont have a crown! What are we coming to?

The Pittsburg Post very truly says the Republican party is pledged to submit a Constitutional amendment to the people of Pennsylvania prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquids. Its convention so resolved and Gen. Beaver indorsed the declaration in many of his speeches especially in the rural districts. The party is fully committed to it, and as it has a two-thirds majority in both branches of the Legislature there should be no monkeying or dodging.

But there will be. Our esteemed Republican contemporaries who so proudly declared that their truly moral and righteous party was the only true one that had the purpose and will to so legislate, have suddenly lost all interest in this "great issue." They pass by on the other side, and it gets the "cold shake" in all interviews with successful candidates. Beaver is as dumb as Quay on it.

This is the first time in the history of Centre county politics, within our recollection that there was an organized movement in the party, to break down the Democratic county ticket. This blow was mainly aimed at the candidate for prothonotary, and without the least cause whatever, except that of disappointment. The leaders in this unjustifiable movement, few in numbers, also included in the bargain with the Republicans. the defeat of John A. Woodward, one of our nominees for Assembly, and which was a little more under cover.

It is to be regretted that pretended Democrats, some of whom were well favored by the party, lent themselves to this work of disorganization. It was a serious mistake on their part, the folly of which they may yet see. Altho the most strenuous efforts were made to carry out th eir bargain with the enemy, the effort was all in vain, and the whole ticket was elected with about the same falling off on these two as fell to the lot of the other candidates, against whom there was no such movement and against whom there was no conspiracy, and much of the falling off of the vote on the others is clearly attributable to the demoralization caused by the effort within the party to break it down, and not by any organized movement like that against Woodward and Schaeffer. The leaders of the Republican party, now that the election is over, admit that they had a bargain with our bolters to sell out, but that the latter were not able to deliver the goods. This shows, thank God, that the Democracy of Centre co. are no ones chattels, but own themselves.

A BOOMERANG.

The *World* thinks the tax on oleomargarine promises to produce an effect precisely opposite to that intended by the dairymen in demanding its imposition. Their desire was to drive it out of the market, but they have succeeded in advertising it in a way which more than counterbalances the two cents additional cost they have succeeded in placing upon it. Possibly they have also necessitated the manufacture of a better article than was produced in some quarters, thus giving the commodity an improved reputation and securing increased demand for it. A wholesale dealer in Pittsburg states that this week he will not be able to fill the orders he has received, though the price has advanced just the amount of tax. Collector Freidsam estimates that 2,000 out of 3,520 dealers will take out licenses in the Second Revenue District of the city and it is his opinion that the new law will cause an increased sale.

The theory is that by compelling oleomargarine to be sold for what it is, it will gain reputation for its useful and harmless character much faster than when sold under false representation.

FUTURE BOSSES OF THE SENATE.

The most conspicuous figures in the Senate now are Senators VanWyck, of Nebraska and Riddleberger of Virginia. Both of them are nominal Republicans. The Republicans might have kept control of these two men if they had so willed. The two Senators have never acted together. Each has his own peculiar orbit of eccentricity.

VanWyck is a tall, heavy exciteable-looking man over sixty years of age. The criticism passed upon him is that he is always exploding; railroad sensations and never following them up. But this criticism in the main comes from railroad Senators. Mr. Van Wyck has been so persistent in his attacks upon the railroads that he has to a certain extent fallen out with Republican managers. But he still goes into the Republican caucus and his vote in all probability can be depended upon in case of an emergency.

The case is not the same with Riddleberger. Van Wyck has never been ignored with the contempt which the Republicans have shown Riddleberger. This incoherent and undignified Senator never was found upon the side of any job. He was nearly always a spokesman for the right side, and he never was found except as a sturdy opponent of the shams and ceremonial stupidities of the Senate. Both he and Van Wyck are opposed to executive sessions. With these two gentelmen holding the balance of power in the Senate interesting scenes are bound to result.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all druggists.

"The ladies especially go into ecstacies over Parker's Hair Balsam," writes Mr. J. H. Decker, druggist of Findlay, Ohio. "They say it is the most elegant dressing they ever used." Stops falling hair, restores color, promotes growth. nov

THE COMING CIRCUS IN INDIANA.

The ten days allowed by law for the filing of notices of contest after an election expired, and the privilege has been exercised to an unusual extent. The Legislature elected on Tuesday, Nov. 2, as shown on the face of the returns, will stand, on joint ballot, 76 Democrats and 74 Republicans, giving the Democrats two majority. The Republicans will have control of the House and the Democrats of the Senate. The coming contest hinges on the election of a United States Senator to succeed Gen. Harrison, and both parties will make a stubborn fight for the prize. The Democrats have filed notices of contest against four Republican members-elect of the House and against six of the nine Senators elected by the Republicans. The charges on which these contests are based include ineligibility on constitutional grounds, bribery, corruption, &c. The Republicans propose to contest the seats of three Democratic members of the House and one Senator. The Legislature will assemble on Thursday, Jan. 6, and an exciting time is certain.

"The determination of the coal combination not to advance prices," says the New York Graphic, "is commented on as the direct consequence of Governor Pattison's action against the anthracite monopoly and as illustrating how fully labor may rely on the enduring friendship of the Democracy. When the Governor wrote his famous order to Attorney-General Cassidy, the Blaine papers called it an electioneering dodge. What has now happened shows the falsity of this allegation, and that the coal monopolists recognize the Governor's action as the initiation of a well settled and well considered line of policy, firmly grounded in constitutional law and in common justice, to which they must succumb."

The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, which met in Philadelphia, represents a class which is largely identified with industrial and social progress. Since Adam delved and Eve spun" the agriculturist has always held a high place of honor in every community, and aided largely in the world's conquests. From their isolated condition for many years it was, however, difficult for farmers to come in contact with each other except at wide intervals of time; but now, with the improved facilities which the country possesses, an opportunity has been given for organization and constant communication, of which they have wisely availed themselves. They have found that primitive methods will no long er avail in the culture of the soil, and that the chemicals in the laboratory of nature must be studied if they would supply the increasing wants of the people. The intelligence of our farming population is in marked contrast with that of Europe, but the true standard has not yet been reached, and, recognizing this, they are seeking means of moral and social elevation. How largely the farmer is dependent upon wise legislation is acknowledged, and it is necessary for him to see that those who represent him in State Legislatures or in Congress shall be men who will carefully watch his interests and place no barrier in the way of his material advancement. It is fitting that the sessions of the National Grange should be held in the representative city of a State so largely devoted to agriculture, and it is to be hoped that the deliberations of the body will redound not only to the credit of its members but to the prosperity of a great army of toilers.

Hon. Charles S. Wolfe in an interview expresses himself satisfied with the results of the late election, as regards the increase of the Prohibition vote. He says:

We doubled our vote and have so organized the State as to be in a vastly better condition for future work. Our forces will be more experienced—better disciplined. Then, too, we have forced the Republican party into a position where it will have to show its hand. I do not believe they will risk it to pass a resolution submitting a prohibitory resolution. If they do not there will be large accessions to our ranks in the near future. We had much to contend with in our late campaign. The rum power and the monopolies were with the Republicans, and they brought Blaine in the State to stir up the party spirit.

Mr. Wolf is of opinion that as many Democrats as Republicans voted the Prohibition ticket. An experienced campaigner tells us that most of the Democratic Prohibitionist stuck, while party pressure and Beaver's pledges drove most of the Republican Prohibitionists back to their party.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,

For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases

Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind ever brought to my notice. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

THE THREE MILL TAX.

The Supreme Court Exempts Corporations upon Mortgages.

In the Supreme Court at Pittsburg on 15, in the cases of John Hunter, John G. Adair, and Joseph B. Barry, appeals from No. 2 and 4 of Philadelphia, the judgement of the lower court was sustained. These cases involve the questions as to whether or not the act of 1885 known as the Revenue act, under which a three mill tax has been levied upon mortgages, &c., of individuals only, and not those owned by corporations; and if such was the legislative intent, are not corporations still liable to a like tax under the act of 1844 and 46? These questions have never been decided by the Supreme Court, and as they involve the collection or loss by the State of nearly ahalf million dollars per annum, a prompt decision of the case was of vast importance. In a case known as Fox's appeal the Supreme Court has decided this tax law constitutional. On June 19, 1886, a preliminary injunction was granted against the tax collector in Philadelphia, enjoining the collection of the three mill tax from corporations, and this injunction has been made permanent by the decision of the Supreme Court to-day.

GOV. BEAVER'S ATTORNEY-GEN'L.

Huntingdon, Pa., Nov. 13.—The announcement that A. O. Furst of Bellefonte, President Judge of this, the Twenty-sixth Judicial District, intends to resign his position after the inauguration of Gen. Beaver, has created no little gossip in this and Centre counties. The Judge is an aspirant for the office of Attorney General in Beaver's cabinet and is believed to be the leading rival in the race for the position. He and Gen. Beaver have been lifelong personal and political friends and neighbors, and it is understood that he will be called into the cabinet.

While Judge Furst denies that he intends to resign that does not prevent his resigning, should Gov. Beaver appoint him Att. General. This would still leave a chance for the appointment of Col. Hastings as President Judge.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF BEN PERLEY POORE'S FORTHCOMING BOOK.

Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington are epitomized in Maj. Ben. Perley Poore's forthcoming book. One of the admirers of the Major recently said that "at a judiciously ripe period of life the Major stood growing old, and since then, like some of the choice Maderia of which he writes with so much feeling, he has only been accumulating bouquet and flavor." Maj. Poore has been one of the most knowing men in Washington society for a half a century. His is the sunny temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the U. S. Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "Swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

The Major could never be very solemn and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reminds him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but is of so unique a character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has mirth for the mirthful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equaled by any subscription book since the war.

It is being issued by the well-known house of Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., and sold exclusively by subscription.

Miss Ida Guiles, who died of consumption at her parents home in Columbia, Pa., a few days ago, was buried at that place yesterday afternoon. Miss Guiles was in her 21st year and a charming young lady with a large circle of acquaintances. Her funeral was largely attended, the Methodist church at that place being filled with friends. The impressiveness of the services and burial was increased by the fact that a young man named Miller was buried at the same time from the same church. Both were buried side by side. Mr. Miller is a cousin of Miss Guiles, and resided at Lock Haven, Pa. He was the same age, he had the same disease, went to bed the same day as Miss Guiles, and died a few hours after. His body was removed to Columbia for interment beside that of his cousin.

POWDERLY OBEYED.

The General Master Workman Calls the Butchers' Strike Off.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—There was a special meeting of the trades and labor assembly yesterday afternoon to consider Mr. Powderly's order declaring the strike off at the stock yards. Many of the strikers were present, and a strong sentiment seemed to prevail against closing the strike as ordered. George Schilling, well known for his socialistic orations, was prominent in a long debate which occupied the meeting, and denounced Powderly's interference in strong terms. Richard Powers, of the Seamen's union, roundly scored Powderly, and favored the strike's holding out in their struggle. Others spoke in the same strain, and it was evident that the majority of those present were against closing the strike. Only one man, Mark L. Crawford, recommended a conservative course and favored the indorsement of the order of the general master workman. Finally a resolution was adopted whereby the trade and labor assembly executive committee was instructed to act jointly with the executive board of the Knights of Labor of District assembly No. 57, when called upon by the latter, and also pledging the support of the assembly to whatever action the strikers might decide upon, in keeping with Powderly's order to return to work.

At the close of the meeting a committee of Anarchists was admitted with a petition to Governor Oglesby in behalf of the condemned Anarchists. Signatures were asked for, and some of the delegates affixed their names. The petition asks the governor for clemency in the execution of the sentence now pending over the doomed men. In the evening there was a largely attended meeting of Assembly 57, Knights of Labor, at Germania hall, at the stock yards, to take action on Powderly's order. The strikers resolved at the meeting to obey Powderly's order and go to work today. They will, however, make a formal protest against the order and seek to have action taken on it by the executive board.

A CONGRESSMAN'S BLACK EYE.

One Armed Waters Defended His Step-Mother.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—The Hon. John M. Clover, the congressman from the Ninth Missouri district, started for Washington with a black eye. He met John B. Waters, watchman at the Salvage corps house, and they engaged in a wordy wrangle over a suit, in which Mrs. Ferris, the watchman's stepmother was the plaintiff, and a client of the congressman the defendant.

Mr. Waters demanded from Mr. Glover the reason for his having spoken so disrespectfully of Mrs. Ferris during the trial. The congressman replied that he was only defending his client. This did not satisfy the watchman, and, after an exchange of hot words, the men came to blows, and pounded each other until a policeman placed them under arrest. They were taken to the police station and charged with disturbing the peace, but were released after giving bonds.

Waters is a wreck of a man, having lost one arm and almost the use of one leg from the effect of injuries received at a fire some time ago, but he succeeded in punishing severely his honorable antagonist.

Swapping Wives.

CHATHAM, N. C., Nov. 15.—A white man named Moore was sent to the chain gang for having traded wives with another man. When Judge Gilmer asked him what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, the prisoner replied that he did not know it was any harm. A man came to his house with a woman who was better looking than his own wife and challenged him for a trade. He swapped, paying $1.50 to boot. As this was his first swap he hoped the court would impose as light a sentence as possible. The other party to the trade has not been apprehended. He lives some miles in the country, and officers have been unable to catch him.

The Reputed Express Robber.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Nov. 15.—The police authorities of this city are of the opinion that Jim Cummings, the reputed express robber, is a man named Purington, who was confined in the county jail here last winter for obtaining money fraudulently, and escaped in April last. Cummings' handwriting, as published in the St. Louis papers, corresponds with that of Purington, and Fotheringham's description of the robber tallies with his appearance. After Purington's escape in April he wrote several letters to the authorities taunting them upon their inability to run him down

Liabilities of Landlords.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—Edward D. Kaulbock, a well known citizen of Malden, was fined $50 and costs and sentenced to three months in the house of correction for having let a tenement to Michael Stead, who kept a liquor nuisance and taking no action in the matter when notified. Patrick H. Desmond and Hugh McDermot were arraigned on the same charge and had their cases continued.

Colorado's Close Vote.

DENVER, Nov. 12.—Official returns from twenty-seven counties and reliable estimates from the remaining thirteen give Symes, Rep., for congress 700 majority. The senate will consist of nineteen Republicans and eight Democrats, a Democratic gain of five. The lower house, twenty-five Republicans and twenty-four Democrats, a Democratic gain of ten.

To Report on Strikes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Carroll D. Wright's report for the bureau of labor on strikes and convict labor is nearly completed, and work has actively begun on three subjects to be embraced in next year's report—the employment of women in cities, production and distribution in the United States, and the relations of railroads to their employes.

An Associate Judge.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 13.—Governor Pattison has appointed Henry Reed as associate judge of the Philadelphia court of common pleas, vice J. R. Ludlow, deceased. Mr. Reed is a Republican of independent leanings, and beside being a distinguished lawyer, has figured creditably in literature.

George Too Peaceable for Most.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Herr Most, in this week's edition of The Freiheit, denounces Henry George and the National Labor movement. He regards Mr. George as entirely too peaceable in disposition, and darkly hints that nothing but blood will satisfy the kind of Socialists represented by The Freiheit.

Brother Moody's Church on Fire.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The church which Mr. Moody, the evangelist, built on the north side after the great fire with $100,000 collected from all parts of the world, caught fire and was damaged to the extent of $15,000. It has the largest membership and Sunday school in the city.

Smalls Defeated in South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 13.—The official count in the Seventh congress district has been completed, and gives the election to William Elliott, Dem., over Smalls, Rep., by a majority of 238.

SULLIVAN AND RYAN.

Boston's Big Boy Again Demonstrates His Superiority.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.—The long talked of meeting between Sullivan and Ryan took place here Saturday night at a late hour. When all the local and other pugilists billed to appear before the "big 'uns" had finished, there was a wait of nearly an hour. The patience of the audience gave out. Whistles, groans and cat calls were continuous. Billy Jordan time and time again assured the people the principals would soon appear, and begged them to keep quiet. When this became monotonous cries of "Boston" were hurled at him from all over the house. At 11:10 there was no sign of either of the stars.

At 11:14 Sullivan and Ryan made their appearance. Ryan was the first to step on the platform. He was loudly cheered. Sullivan quickly followed and was greeted with deafening applause. Capt. Hiram Cook, of this city, was chosen referee; Daniel Murphy, timekeeper for Sullivan; Charles Smith, for Ryan. Five minutes went by before the men took their corners, and another four minutes elapsed before time was called. After shaking hands the two men sparred for five seconds for an opening, when Ryan suddenly let out with his right, catching Sullivan on the right cheek. Yells of "Good boy, Paddy," went up all over the house.

From this time both fought savagely, Ryan leading throughout. Ryan followed up with another right hander on the cheek, and attempted to follow up with a blow in the stomach, but fell short. The fighting was so severe for the first minute that Ryan began to show signs of failing wind. Sullivan took advantage of this and made a rush at Ryan, when both clinched, but were quickly separated.

Second Round—Ryan again forced the fighting, but with less apparent effect. Though he reached Sullivan's face and body several times, he had lost some of his powers, through becoming winded. Sullivan then started to force the fight, and, leading, reached Ryan, who countered prettily. Sullivan then again reached for him and landed a body blow which downed Ryan, amid loud cheers. This was repeated twice. Ryan tried clinching to avoid punishment, and at the end of the round it was apparent to all that Ryan's chance for victory was gone.

Third round—This was a regular slugging affair. Sullivan was in fine wind, forcing the fighting from the start, although he showed signs of heavy punishment. After the third pass Sullivan let go a terrible right-hander on Ryan's jaw which sent him spinning against the ropes—a straight and clean knockdown. The blow had such an effect that Ryan with difficulty raised himself and staggered to his feet. He pulled himself together, and in a bewildered way threw out his left at Sullivan. Sullivan stopped nicely and then let go another of his awful right handers, landing again on Ryan's jaw. The blow was so well aimed and landed so heavily that Ryan dropped as if hit by a cannon ball. It was a knock-out of the cleanest kind. Ryan laid on the platform unable to move.

The police jumped over the ropes, but too late. There was no need of their service; the fight was over. Sullivan pushed his timekeeper back so as to be sure Ryan had nothing more to say. Time was called and Ryan was still motionless. Sullivan then stooped down, and picking up his fallen antagonist in his arms carried him to his corner. Shouts and cheers went up for the Boston slugger, and the immense crowd dispersed.

Ryan went out for a drive Sunday. He suffered no ill effects from Sullivan's punishment.

THE PEPPER TRICK

Again Successfully Played Upon a Western Jeweler.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 15.—A stranger, having the appearance of a railroad man, which he claimed to be, entered the jewelry store of Upmeyer & Co., of this city, and said he wanted to buy a gold watch. While examining some of the articles named he suddenly produced a paper of red pepper, which he threw into the jeweler's face, at once darting out of the store, and taking with him three gold watches valued at $250. Upmeyer did not receive much of the pepper in his eyes and followed the thief, who ran into an alley, and turning, with a pistol in his hand, threatened to shoot if his pursuer did not retreat. The jeweler was forced to do so and the thief escaped.

GEN. BOOTH'S BONANZA.

The Vast Revenue the Salvation Army Leader Receives.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 15.—Gen. William Booth, of London, the head and founder of the Salvation Army, who has been trying to stir up enthusiasm in the interests of his organization in this city, has left for the east. When Gen. Booth stood before the audience assembled at Music hall to hear his lecture on the rise and progress of the Salvation Army, attired in his customary red flannel jacket and well-worn black satin cloak, there were probably very few there who knew that he was worth almost $5,000,000 and had an annual income from the harvests of the Salvation army of about $1,000,000.

The Last Confederate Check.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 15.—Probably the last check in existence on the Confederate States of America is exhibited by Col. J. F. Caldwell, of this city. It is a check for $80,000, drawn on the Confederate states depository at Columbus by W. M. Gillespie, quartermaster, in favor of Col. T. Sanford. It is dated April 14, 1865, five days after the surrender of Lee. The check was delivered to Col. Caldwell, who was then chief clerk of the depository, during the movement from Alabama to Georgia before the victorious Federal cavalry. The letter was delivered in the woods and before the news of Lee's surrender had reached the retreating Confederates.

A Town's Peril.

PLAQUEMINE, La., Nov. 15.—Over 200 feet of the river bank, including Levee street, has caved into the river. Several buildings were destroyed. This is the fifth cave-in which has taken place in the river front this season. This last cave-in has approached so near the new levee which was being built by the citizens as to render its completion useless. It is now thought that this latter cave-in and the one below will continue to widen and extend until the whole business front of the river will be engulfed. A new line of the levee will have to be built on the line recently staked out by state engineers.

A Lake Vessel Burned.

DETROIT, Nov. 13.—Information is received here that the propeller Northerner, owned by J. M. Nichols, of Detroit, was burned at Kelly's island, lake Erie, yesterday. She was bound for Duluth with a cargo of railroad iron and general merchandise, and was loading at the island when the fire broke out. Loss $50,000. Insurance, $33,000.

"Black Quarter" and Cholera.

ELKHART, Ind., Nov. 11.—A contagious disease has broken out among the cattle in Olive township, this county, called 'Black quarter." Four brothers lost five cattle in one week. Cholera also exists among hogs in this neighborhood to some extent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—William Moses, an engineer of the Bennett Slope, near Kingston, Penna., on the 30th ult,, accidently caused the death of a miner in the slope by hoisting a cage from the bottom of the shaft, supposing everything to be clear. When Moses learned what had happened he committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The dead body of S. R. Gordon, with the throat cut, was found in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on the 30th ult. The sum of $250 was found in his pocket-book, and he had a silver watch with a gold chain. Letters in his pocket indicate that he was from Philadelphia.

—The amount stolen from the Adams Express car on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad on the 25th ult. is now estimated at from $100,000 to $120,000. The post-office at Mount Vernon, Ohio, was robbed on the 29th ult., of about $2000 in money and stamps. Joseph Green, bookkeeper for a firm in Louisville, Kentucky, was knocked down with a slug shot and robbed of money, valuable and clothes in one of the streets of that city on the 29th ult. His injuries are fatal.

—The San Francisco *Bulletin* publishes a letter from Apia, dated October 15, which says that "authentic news has reached Samoa to the effect that on the morning of September 10 over one hundred heavy shocks of earthquake occurred on the Island of Ninafou, one of the Tonga group, and that from the bottom of the lake, which is two thousand feet deep, a mountain has arisen to the height of three hundred feet above its surface;" also that this mountain has burst out in flames and thrown out hot stones and sand in such quantities as to destroy two-thirds of the cocoanut trees on the island. In Samoa "light shocks of earthquake occur so frequently now that they no longer cause any alarm."

—There was another shock of earthquake at Summerville, South Carolina, at 25 minutes past 8 o'clock on the morning of the 1st, but no damage was done. The "spring" started in the Custom House yard at Charleston on the 31st ult., was not of seismic origin, but came from a break in a water pipe.

—At Scranton, Penna., on the 1st, James Caffrey, aged 7 years; James Dougherty, aged 7; John Dougherty, aged 6, and Ellen Dougherty, aged 3, were killed by the falling in of a sand bank under which they were playing.

—The total coinage of the U. S. Mints during October amounted in value to $4,172,100. The number of standard dollars turned out was 3,000,000.

—James Hindle, alias McDonald, a notorious counterfeiter, was arrested in Minneapolis on the 30th ult. He had been passing counterfeit silver dollars, his spurious coin being "nearly a perfect counterpart of the genuine." He confessed that the stuff was made by a gang near Omaha, and also said that a gang had been organized to rob banks and stores in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Eleven thousand of his bogus dollars were found in a cave near Cedar Lake.

—Two boilers in the Charleston Cotton Factory, at Charlestown, South Carolina, burst on the 2d, wrecking the boiler house, killing one man and dangerously injuring another. Five hundred men are temporarily thrown out of work by the disaster.

—A fire at Shumway, Illinois, on the 1st, destroyed Henry Bernhard's flour mill, two dwellings, a warehouse, a store and a barrel factory. Loss, $30,000. A fire in Boothbay, Maine, on the 1st, destroyed six or seven stores and buildings, causing a loss of nearly $30,000.

—On the arrival of a Lake Shore train from Chicago at Toledo, Ohio, on the 1st, it was discovered that the United States Express Company's car had been robbed of several packages of valuable merchandise. An investigation is going on.

—John Hooley, advance agent for the "Rag Baby," committed suicide by cutting his throat in a hotel in Olean, New York, on the 2d. It is believed he was insane. Frank D. Bacon, aged 50 years, a commercial traveler, on the 2d, committed suicide in New Haven, by cutting his throat. He was despondent from illness.

—The failure was announced on the 2d of Richard Preston, dealer in worsted goods and tailors' trimmings, of Boston. His liabilities are placed at from $100,000 to $150,000.

—A resident of Washington recently sent to the U. S. Treasury for redemption three thousand three hundred and seventy dollars in Continental notes, of the issue of 1778-9, in denominations of $50, $55, $60, $70 and $80. Though yellow from age, the notes are in good condition, but the First Comptroller has decided that "they are barred by time and cannot be redeemed."

—Governor Pattison on the 3d issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 25th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

—Mrs. Lida Ciffin attacked and probably fatally wounded her husband, with an axe, at New Castle, Ohio, on the 2d, on the 3d she was adjudged insane. Marvin McCabe and his three sons, John, James and Charles, met Robert Wigger, near Potosi, Missouri, on the 3d. McCabe, Sr., and Wigger were old enemies and began to quarrel. Wigger was attacked. He drew a revolver and fatally wounded McCabe, Sr. The woundad man's sons then shot Wigger dead. James McCabe had a quarrel with John Holland and his son in Huntingdon, Penna., on the 3d. Subsequently McCabe got a shotgun and shot both father and son as they were returning from work. Their injuries are not necessarily fatal.

—The schooner Anna P. Hutcheson, which arrived at New York on the 3d, reports that on October 14th, 50 miles south of Dry Tortugas, she picked up the captain, mate and four seamen of the bark Tres Auroras, upon a piece of cabin house, they having been four days in that condition without food or water. The captain stated that the bark broke up and sank on October 10th during a hurricane. The remainder of the crew, seven men, are supposed to have gone down with her.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, left Chicago on the 2d for Kansas City. Before he left farewell services were held in Central Music Hall, which was filled. The corner-stone of the new "barracks" to be built in Chicago was laid on the 2d, and it was announced that a lady who recently joined the ranks had subscribed $7500 toward its erection.

—An express train on the Erie Railroad ran into a party of Italian laborers engaged in ballasting, at Hankins, on the 3d. Two of them were killed and two fatally injured. They had just stepped on the east-bound track to avoid a west-bound freight train.

—The boiler of the steamer Coxsackie burst on the 3d at Poughkeepsie, killing Matthew Quinn and dangerously scalding another man. A despatch from Pittsburg says a large quantity of powder stored in the cellar of Rend & Robins' general store at McDonald Station was exploded on the 3d by some person carelessly throwing a lighted match near it. Two clerks in the store were seriously injured. The building was completely wrecked. "The destruction of the store will be seriously felt by 800 coal miners who dealt there."

—Hester Armstrong, colored, about 40 years of age, was burned to death near Berlin, Maryland, on the 30th ult., by the explosion of a can of coal oil which she left standing on a stove after having used some of it to start the fire. Her mother was badly burned in trying to save her. Louis Lechleichner perished by the burning of his house, in Steubenville, Ohio, on the 31st ult. His wife and children were saved.

—The Chickasaw Cooperage Company's works at Memphis, Tennessee, were burned on the 4th. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $40,000. The works employed 80 men. The court house at Lancaster, New Hampshire, was burned on the 4th, with all the records. The loss on the building is about $20,000; insurance, $10,000. It is supposed the fire was caused by an explosion of gas in the furnace. "Heating apparatus improvements" were being tested, and at half-past two o'clock a "terrific explosion was heard and immediately flames burst from the front door, windows and roof." Fifty buildings, comprising two and a half blocks in Southampton, Ontario, were burned on the 4th. Thirty families are homeless. The loss is estimated at $50,000; insurance $12,000. A fire at Dalhouse, New Brunswick, on the 3d, destroyed twenty-two buildings in the business portion of the town. A fire at Battleford, Manitoba, on the 4th, destroyed the Town Hall, the American News establishment and two stores.

—Mangus, head chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, passed through Kansas City on the 4th, with thirteen other Indians, male and female, on the way to Fort Marion, Florida. "While the party were going through Colorado Mangus jumped through the car window and ran some distance before he was recaptured. Then he obtained a knife and stabbed himself in half a dozen places, inflicting serious wounds." On the 4th he attacked his interpreter, striking the man about the head with the shackles on his wrists.

—The boiler of an engine on the Texas Pacific Railroad burst on the 4th near David Station, killing an engineer named Dehaven and a brakeman named Given. Another train hand was severely injured.

—The President of the National Bank of Peoria, who disappeared about a year ago with $200,000 of the bank's funds, was arrested in Montreal on the 3d, and is held for extradition proceedings.

—More shocks of earthquake were felt on the 5th in Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia and the District of Columbia. The shock at Charleston, experienced at half-past twelve o'clock P. M., was slight, though "marked." Reports from Walterboro, Greenwood, Chesterfield, Laurens, Abbeville and other points in South Carolina, indicate that the shock to-day at those places was more severe than in Charleston. At Walterboro it was so severe as to "make people rush into the streets and to cause the Circuit Court to adjourn without ceremony." At Columbia the shock was felt at 12.23. It was accompanied by "the usual loud detonations." The vibrations continued forty seconds. Buildings were violently shaken and people rushed out into the streets. The shock was probably severer than any experienced since August 31st. At Sumter and Greenwood the shocks were very severe. All the schools were in session at the time of the shock. One pupil in a colored school was crushed in the panic of the pupils, and several pupils in the Shaw school (colored) were slightly injured by falling plastering. At Savannah a sharp shock was felt just as the clocks were strinking 12. "Tybee Island reports it the heaviest felt there since August 31, and preceded by loud rumbling. It lasted thirty seconds, and people all rushed into the streets. No damage was done beyond the cracking of glass." At Augusta the shock was felt at 12.26 P. M. It lasted twenty-five seconds and caused the people to rush into the streets. At Macon and Columbus the shocks were light. At Wilmington, North Carolina, the shock was sharp and at Raleigh slight "but quite perceptible." Two slight shocks were felt in Richmond, Virginia, and one in Washington at 12.30 P. M.

—Mrs. John Rushton, divorced from Frederick Roberts, lives with her second husband in a tenement in Chicago. When she left her first husband she kept their child. On the night of the 4th Roberts called at the rooms and demanded that she and the child go with him. She refused, whereupon he threw coal oil upon her and set her on fire. She is thought to be fatally burned. Adam Head was shot dead by "Wat" Chilson in a political quarrel at Selina, Kansas, on the night of the 3d. Both were farmers and prominent politicians. Dewee Bolton, a young man, was assassinated on election night by Polk Hill, colored, in Washington county, Texas. It is said the assassination was the result of a conspiracy, Bolton having made himself politically obnoxious to the negroes. Seven arrests have been made, but Hill is yet at large.

—A well dressed young man, traveling in the interest of an advertising scheme, who registered at a hotel in Baltimore, fell dead on the street on the 5th. Letters found in his satchel showed that his name was W. R. Woodruff. He had said he was from Chicago. No money was found among his effects. Joseph Harris was crushed to death in a quarry at Allentown, Penna., on the 5th, by a large rock falling upon him.

—The business portion of Chelsea, Wisconsin, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 1st. Loss, $25,000.

—A man who gave the name of Thomas Collins was arrested at Chicago on the 4th while tampering with a Lake Shore switch. He was held in $1700. He was recognized as one of the former employes of the road.

—John and Nathaniel Parsons, brothers, were killed on the 5th on a mine railroad near Birmingham, Alabama, by the collision of their handcar with a stone train.

—Lawrence Donovan, of New York, who some time ago jumped from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river at New York, jumped from the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls into the river below at seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th. His jump was witnessed by four or five persons. He was accompanied by Mr. Drew, reporter for a Buffalo paper, and a Professor Haley. "He made the jump successfully, a distance of 190 feet. He went straight down, feet first. He came up somewhat dazed, but struck out for the boat, in which were Drew and Haley, was taken in and stimulants were given him. He is not seriously injured. One rib is broken and his hip is bruised. He said before he got out of the water that he would not jump again for a million."

—Adam David, of Pottsville, Penna., was found in the woods near Schuylkill Haven, on the 7th, with his throat cut. It is not known whether he committed suicide or was murdered.

—Willis McNair, colored, was serving on a United States jury in Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 6th. The jury went to J. W. Knot's restaurant for breakfast, but the proprietor refused to admit McNair. The same action was taken at the Capital Hotel. The facts were reported to Judge Caldwell, and he said the jurors were officers of the law and could not be separated. They were sent back with a United States Marshal. Mr. Knot again refused to admit McNair, but the Capital restaurant furnished a meal for the party.

—Dr. Ralph L. Stone, 22 years of age, committed suicide in his room in the County Hospital at Brooklyn, New York, on the 5th.

—An attempt was made on the 5th to assassinate William Carr and his family in Union county, Tennessee. Carr and his son were unloading corn at the barn, a nine-year-old daughter being on top of the wagon. Suddenly a volley of shots came from a thicket near by, and each of the three received a portion of two loads of buckshot. It is thought all are mortally wounded. Thomas Barry, a distant relative of the Carrs, was arrested "and made a confession."

—Snow fell yesterday in Western Pennsylvania, Northern New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. The depth ranged from one inch at Pittsburg to five at Whitehall, New York, and six at Middlebury, Vermont. The heaviest thunder storm known there for years passed over Bangor, Maine, on the night of the 6th. "Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a gale and heavy thunder and vivid lightning continued almost uninterruptedly" from 10 o'clock on the night of the 6th to 7 o'clock on the morning of the 7th. The agricultural shed at the fair grounds was blown down, also fences and limbs of trees.

—A moderately strong shock of eartquake was felt at Charleston, South Carolina, about 11 o'clock on the night of the 7th. It was preceded and accompanied by the usual rumbling sounds, though in a somewhat milder form than has been usual of late. The shock was perhaps of ten or twelve seconds' duration, and was generally felt throughout the State. It was followed in about five minutes by another shock, which, however, was quite moderate.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the messsage through the electric wire on which it perches.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef	3	@	5¼
Hogs	6	@	7¾
Sheep	3	@	6¾
Cotton, Middling	9¾	@	10
Flour, Western	$ 2 25	@$	5 00
do Pennsylvania	2 25	@	4 25
Wheat, Western White	0 92	@	0 88¾
do Pennsylvania	0 87½	@	0 88¾
Rye	55	@	56
Oats	30	@	35
Corn	46½	@	48¾
Petroleum	6	@	6¾
do refined	8	@	8¾
Butter	13	@	33
Cheese	3	@	12
Wool, Penna and Ohio	25	@	42
do N. Y. and Western	22	@	44
do Canada	20	@	38
Hops	10	@	36
Provisions—Pork, per bbl	10 50	@	14 00
Beef Hams	7 00	@	21 00
Lard	6¾	@	7¾
Coffee	9	@	24
Sugar	4¾	@	5¾
do refined	6½	@	6¾
Rice	5¾	@	7
Fish—Mackerel, mess	26 00	@	35 00
do bay 1s	25 00	@	38 00
Codfish	2 00	@	5 00
Herring	2 50	@	4 50
Straw—Rye	13 00	@	13 50
do Oats	7 00	@	8 00
Hay—Timothy	12 00	@	16 00

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	$ 2 25	@	4 90
do Pennsylvania	2 25	@	4 25
Wheat, Western	0 82	@	0 88¾
do Pennsylvania	0 81	@	0 88¾
Cotton, Middling	9¾	@	11¾
Apples	0 50	@	3 00
Coffee	9	@	24
Sugar	4¾	@	6¾
Molasses	11	@	45
Petroleum	6	@	8¾
Clover Seed	10¾	@	10¾
Timothy	3 05	@	3 10

Whose Face?

Some faces are supremely fair,
  Some sparkling in their splendor;
Some are demure and debonair.
  And some divinely tender.

Some win us with one fatal glance
  From eyes too brightly beaming;
Some smile that smile that brings a trance,
  Till life is lost in dreaming.

Some flirt before us, sweet and gay,
  To fill our hearts with laughter;
Then fade as fancies fade away,
  And leave no achings after.

And some—some faces, sorrow-kissed,
  When holiest thoughts are thronging;
Come back, come always in the mist
  Of everlasting longing.

So faces come and faces go;
  Some make existence sweeter;
And some, they make life sad, we know;
  Yet being sad, completer.

Until one face comes up at last,
  (Heaven knows each heart; don't doubt it)—
The future fades, the past is past!
  We cannot live without it!
We ask not if men call her sweet,
  Or fair, or wise, or clever;
We ask we passionately entreat,
  "Will you be mine forever?"

ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE.

"Senorita! S-s-t! Senorita!" reached in a low whisper the ears of Senorita Mercedes Guadaloupe Grenados, as she swung lazily in the hammock on the wide verandah.

"Who is it?" she asked in Spanish.

"Pablo!" came in the same low whisper.

A tall negro, showing in the slightly coppery hue of the skin the mixture of Indian blood, stole cautiously across the open space between the house and the thick bushes, and almost crawling, reached the place where his young mistress was.

"Well, Pablo, what news?" eagerly demanded the young girl.

"All lost, senorita! All lost!"

"And Don Enrique?"

"Out in de bush dar, hidin' 'n de canes."

"But why don't he come in? What does he want to stay there for?"

"Indians chasin' of him—de Cancanos," answered the peon gravely.

"What!"

"Yes, senorita. Fo' fo'r days now. And Don Enrique he say mus' get t' mountains now, quick."

"What does he want?"

"Want some money, an' some food, an' some clothes, senorita."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then said, sharply:

"Pablo, go to Don Enrique, and tell him to go to the old hut down in the swamp. I'll be there in half an hour."

As the peon turned to execute the order, the girl ran into the house, and once more silence fell upon the place. The revolution, one of those unsuccessful revolutions of which the history of Columbia is full, was just over, and Don Enrique Gonzales found himself on the losing side.

Under ordinary circumstances he might have surrendered; but when he heard that the dreaded Indians of the great Canca Valley had been placed upon his track, he knew there was nothing to do but to fly. For these men are noted in the northern part of South America for the fact that they never give or take quarter. They are like human bloodhounds, there one idea is to kill. Don Enrique had good reason to make the most of his time with the Cancanos after him.

Down in the cane swamp stood an old palm house, the sides made of upright sticks split from the black palm, and lashed to cross pieces, and the roof heavily thatched. Here, sitting on a log in the shadow, was Don Enrique, a young fellow about twenty-seven, while lying on the ground was the peon, Pablo.

Suddenly the Peon raised his head.

"Somethin' comin', senor!"

The two listened for a minute, and then through the only path to the hut came a large mule, saddled and bridled, followed by another one, upon which was the senorita.

Don Enrique had the girl in his arms almost before the animal stopped moving, and the whispered words of endearment, the rapturous kisses and looks which the two gave each other, told the old, old story plainly.

"But, dearest, why have you got your habit?" he asked at last.

"Because—because—— Oh 'Rique, you must let me go with you!" she said, trembling as she spoke.

"Impossible! You do not know what this trip means."

"But I must! To day," she went on, with a blush, "would have been our wedding, and I cannot—I cannot—let you go alone!"

"In great perplexity, Don Enrique looked at the peon for advice.

Pablo had served his father as well as himself, and Pablo's forefathers had served the house, first as slaves, and then as freemen, ever since the first Gonzales had settled in the valley. In reply to the look, the peon gave a grunt.

"But—but, Mercedes," said the young man, turning to her, "how could you cross the mountains?"

"Pablo can carry me—can you not, Pablo?"

"Yes, senorita," the peon answered.

"Very well," he answered in a resigned tone. "But we've got to start now. Come on, Pablo."

Placing the girl on her mule again, Don Enrique mounted his, and, led by the peon, the party made their way out of of the cane into the main road. Once on this, they pushed ahead rapidly, Pablo keeping up without the slightest difficulty.

The road, which at first was good, gradually got wilder and rougher, until as they went up the mountains, the mules would stop and pant every now and then before beginning one of the frightful climbs, during which they had to almost spring from rock to rock. Still up, and up, the mules climbed, urged on as much as possible by their riders.

Suddenly Pablo, who had been looking back, said—

"Look, senor."

And Don Enrique, turning, saw far below a string of what seemed like little brown boys, carrying long sticks, crossing an open space.

"Eight, nine, ten," he counted, in a tone of some bitterness. "Well, if we must fight, we must," he went on, setting his teeth hard, and mechanically loosening his revolver.

"No fight here, senor," said the peon earnestly. "No good here. Up dare," pointing as he spoke to a peak about three miles from them.

"All right, Pablo."

And once more the mules were urged along by voice and spur. But if the fugitives had seen their pursuers, they had in turn been seen, and the race began between them. The road was frightful.

At one side the rocks towered above them until it seemed as though they reached the sky; while, on the other hand, a hideous, yawning *barranca*, as they call those strange crevices in the Andes and their associate ranges, went down sheer some six or seven hundred feet.

More and more frightful became the pass until the young girl was forced to cover her eyes with her hand, unable to look out any longer. Long before Pablo had taken her bridle rein, while Don Enrique rode behind. The mules, with the wonderful instinct which marks them, stepped as caefully as cats, trying every stone before resting their weight upon it. Suddenly Pablo stopped.

"Get down here, senorita," he said, as, lifting her from the saddle, he placed her on her feet. You too, senor. No one can ride here."

The ledge made a sharp turn to the right, and on the turn was not more than two feet wide. While Don Enrique held the girl in his arms, her head buried in his shoulder, Pablo cautiously led the mule she had been riding round the turn. Then he returned to the other, telling the two to go ahead. Holding on to the rough rocks with one arm around Mercedes, Don Enrique moved inch by inch round the point, and as they reached the other side sank down on the wide platform where the mule was standing, fairly faint with the reaction from the nervous strain, while Mercedes fainted outright.

In the meantime Pablo had begun to cautiously drive the second mule round the turn. Just as the animal was twisting itself round, a diabolical series of yells began up the pass, and the Indians came running in. The mule started, one foot slipped, and after a moments vain pawing to recover its footing, it launched out into the air, turning over and over, until it met its death in the gulf below, smashed out of shape on the pointed rocks. The moment's hesitation which this gave the Indians enabled Pablo to slip round the turn in safety. Roughly shaking Don Enrique, he said significantly:

"Now we fight, senor!"

Don Enrique sprang to his feet, and with Pablo advanced to the edge; none too soon, however. A head, copperybrown in color, where the hideous red and black of the war-paint did not hide it, was thrust around the rock only in time to gef a cut from Pablo's *machete* or long knife. The next and the next, and the next, seemingly urged on by pressure from behind, fared the same way. Then came a pause. A moment afterwards a cloud of little arrows, about eight inches long, each wrapped with a tuft of cotton, flew through the air, and then again there was quiet.

"Can they reach us from above Pablo?"

"No, senor; dis only place."

Again the Indians tried to steal round, and again Pablo's *machete* fell. But this time, what looked like a stick abour three feet long had been turned toward him by an Indian lying on his stomach, and as the peon was raising his arm to strike, he felt a little prick like a pin in the leg. The arrow fell to the ground, but Pablo, glancing down, saw the end of a fine splinter in the wound. Don Enrique at once attempted to dig this out, but both he and the peon knew it was no use. The *curare* poison had touched the blood, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Pablo began to feel numb all over and sank to the ground, the girl wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

But while Don Enrique had been busied with the peon, two of the Indians had passed the point and a third was following. His revolver settled one of them, but he missed the second shot. Catching up the heavy *machete* from where the peon had dropped it, he began a hand-to-hand fight. Feinting at one over the head, he whirled the heavy weapon around and caught his foe under the arm, almost cutting him in two. Striding over the dead body, he met two of them at once. The one to the left he struck on the head, laying the brain open; but a glance showed him that the *machete* of the one to the right was coming down. He just managed to spring out of the way when a deafening report just by his ear, and the leap of the Indian into the air, told him that Mercedes had picked up the revolver where he had let it fall. To advance to the corner and strike down the man coming round was the work of a moment, and then with a sigh of relief, he realized that he once more held the pass. The rest was but for a moment though. Taking the revolver from Mercedes, and leaning cautiously round the rock, he waited in silence. Before long he saw a head raised, and fired, killing the last one of the party after him.

During this time Pablo had been getting weaker and weaker. When Don Enrique knelt beside him the peon was almost gone, but he could murmur:

"De children, senor?"

"Are mine always!"

"Good-bye, senor!" as the eyes, which had been getting duller and duller, finally closed, and Pablo was gone.

* * * * * * *

The broad road to Venezula was traversed slowly by Don Enrique and his promised bride, and at the first town they came to, a very quiet and somewhat hurried wedding took place in the rude church of palm. However, they reached the coast, and before many weeks were safe in France. Nor was it many years before another turn in the political wheel brought back to Columbia Don Enrique Gonzales and his beautiful wife.

A Baby Among the Elephants.

While Forepaugh's show was exhibiting at Orillia, Canada, a few days ago, and after the performance in the circus pavilion had been in progress for nearly an hour, during which time the menagerie tent, containing the animals and elephants was at that time quite deserted, a woman's terror-stricken shriek, "My child!" rang through the pavilion, and roused the half dozen animal keepers in the menagerie quarters from their afternoon nap. Hastening to the spot from whence the scream came, a woman was found in the act of crawling under the guard ropes which encircled twelve huge elephants. Another glance revealed the tiny form of a chubby four-year old boy standing in the midst of the herd, patting their squirmy trunks with his diminutive hands, laughing and shouting, and having a world of fun, all to himself, with his ponderous playmates.

Unnoticed he had strayed from his mother's charge, and, like all the boys, discovered the most perilous place in which to expose himself; unobserved by anybody he had walked under the guard ropes surrounding the elephants, and there he stood when discovered by his frantic mother, in the centre of a dozen huge colossal beasts, who were reaching out their huge trunks toward him, and begging, as is their custom, for ginger snaps and peanuts, which visitors are in the habit of giving them.

Old George Wade, the elephant keeper, took in the situation at a glance, ank quickly seizing the frenzied woman, handed her to an attendant, and shouting to the elephants, who were familiar with his voice and presence, entered among them, and gently raising the daring little intruder to his shoulder, carried him to his agonizing parent, who, the moment the boy was placed in her arms, fainted and sank to the ground. In a few moments she recovered and bitterly chided herself for her want of attention to her baby boy in thus permitting him to escape from her care.

He Chased a Shadow.

As the engineer of engine 1,277, on the Wabash, pulled out of Given, en route for Ottumwa, one evening recently, he noticed what appeared to be a small animal hopping along the track ahead of the pilot. Gradually he increased the speed of the locomotive, but the little quadruped seemed also to have "dropped another notch," and despite the tremendous gait of '77 easily retained its posision. Disgusted beyond expreesion, the engineer began heaving chunks of coal at it, but all in vain. It seemed to bear a charmed life, and successfully baffled all efforts of the engineer and the fireman to check its wild career. For twenty-one miles the engineer had chased that delusive object, and thoroughly disgusted he gave up the race at Ottumwa, and stopped. The object stopped also. With his pick in his hand the engineer made a sneak on the animal, harmless, but possessed of such anomalous migratory powers. With quick precision he brought the pick down full upon the animal's back, but a "sickening thud" was the only sound he heard and with a wild laugh he arose, henceforth to be a raving maniac. For a full hour he had been making desperate efforts to run over the shadow or a leaf adhering to the headlight, and the discovery and reaction was too much for his already shattered nerves.

Oh! if men would use as much diligence in rooting out vices and planting virtues, as they do in proposing questions, there would not be so great evils committed nor scandals among the people, nor so much relaxation in monasteries.

A Kiss and a Smile.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—
Sweet childhood will tarry at best for awhile,
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life work to roam.

Yes tuck them in bed, with a gentle "Good night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light,
And maybe—God knows—on their sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again,
And motherless children may call you in vain.

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed:
A guard of bright angels around them invite;
Their spirits may slip from their moor-to-night.

A WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

Pretty little Grace Wentworth listened eargerly for her husband's coming home. She had been married but a year, and that evening was the anniversary of her wedding.

"He will bring me that exquisite diamond ring, I am sure. Linnette Osborn's husband gave her an elegant pearl cross on their anniversary. Harry knows I'm just wild about that ring, and—ah! here comes now," she said.

A moment after a quick, firm step came through the hall, the door opened, and Harry Wentworth came forward. kissed the bright lips held up to him, and taking off the wrapper, held forward and exquisite bouquet of rare exotics.

"Here, darling!" he said, "I wanted to bring you something different today, but I dared not to do it. We must wait for better times. This day, the anniversary of the very happiest of our life, I thought to have brought my little wife something of greater value to express my appreciation and love. But these flowers must speak for me."

Grace took the flowers, pressing them to her lips to hide their quivering, but she could not hide from the loving, watchful eyes of her husband the look of disappointment all over her face.

"There, there! never mind love. I know you are disappointed; but cheer up, little wife. I trust this state of affairs will not last very long, and then you shall have your diamond ring," Harry said, gently caressing her.

At the mention of the ring Grace could restrain her tears no longer. She sobbed right out,

"Four days ago Linnette Osborn's husband gave her a lovely pearl cross and chain, and—and I told her what I hoped for. She will think it so queer and I will be so mortified. What can I say? She will surely ask me. And, Harry, I don't think Will Osborn is doing any better business than you."

Harry Wentworth's fine face grew very grave. and he said, in a slightly reproachful tone:

"I did not think my wife would grieve so about a really unnecessary article. I believed you would understand that some very good reason prevented my giving you this pleasure. I, too, am disappointed, dear. But don't measure or weigh your husband's love by his gifts, Grace. But I must not be severe. You are scarce more than a child—a loving, petted, spoiled child. But now listen, dear. I might have brought you the ring. I could have paid for it or gone in debt."

"No, no; I would not have wished that," Grace said, wiping her eyes and trying to look satisfied.

"If I had paid for it dear, it might have been at severe cost. But we will not say any more about it. Kiss me, and then we will have one of our duets, love. It is so long since we have had any music. These times have almost driven all the music from my nature."

"These times!" Grace said to herself. "I am heartily tired of hearing those words. And it is too bad that I should have to suffer for other folks' misfortunes or misdeeds. I am not sure which."

Ah, little did Grace Wentworth know the meaning of the word she used.

Cradled in luxury, reared in a home of affluence, what could she understand of suffering?

The weeks passed by and Grace tried to banish the disappointment from her mind. She did not return Mrs. Osborn's call as she had promised.

"I could not endure the look of astonishment she would fix on me when, in answer to her inquiry, I should have to answer: 'Only a bouquet,'" Grace said.

The bouquet was still very beautiful and fresh, although quite a week old. Indeed, it seemed possessed of a perpetual bloom. Grace was changing the water in the vase when Nora, the Irish girl, came in.

"What is it, Nora?" Grace inquired, as the girl stood hesitating beside her.

"Could I have an hour or so this morning, please? And would you spare me a dollar? Sure and it's not for meself I'd be asking, but me brother. The childer are sick, and it's not a cent they have and it's half starving I found thim last night," Nora said, the tears running down her face.

"Why, yes, certainly—go; and here, your month's wages are nearly due, you can have more or all. But, Nora, is not your brother at work with Mr. Osborn?"

"Sure he is, ma'am, but it's not a cint that he got Saturday night. Ah, and it's awful times these be now! Tin of the hands that's been getting $12 a week wint home with none at all, sure. Did the master say nothin' at all about it? The men takes it awful bad, because some tells how Mr. Osborn could have done better. Sure and it's myself, Nora O'Flynn, that sees the suffering about."

"No, Nora, Mr. Wentworth said nothing of it. I believe his men were paid off."

"Yes, and may the Lord bless and kape him forever! The men are telling about the difference between them, sure—Mr. Osborn and the master. But it's goin' I'll be."

"Nora, come first to the pantry; I'll fix up some things for you. Or just give me a basket and I'll put in the things while you are getting ready," Grace said.

Ten minutes after Nora came, picking up one bundle after another, smelling and pinching them, as she exclaimed:

"Tea! coffee! sugar! crackers! wine! the cold chicken I fixed for you, sure! And jelly! Oh, may you live forever! For what would we do without you, sure! Oh, the mother and the childer will pray for you every day that they live."

With the grateful Nora's words still sounding in her ears, Grace Wentworth sat down to think over the scene about the diamond ring.

"Oh, how must Harry have been hurt and disappointed at my reception of his gift! Ah, perhaps when he said if he had bought the ring it might have been at a severe cost, he meant that he could not have paid his men as usual. He has looked so worried oftentimes lately. I'm sorry I behaved like a child. I will try and do better in the future."

When Harry came home to dinner Grace had so much to tell him about Nora's friends. But her husband said little on the subject. He had determined to cloud Grace's sunny nature as little as possible with outside troubles. And so she began to think perhaps things or "the times" were not so bad after all, and the next week she said:

"Harry, my hat is out of date. Almost all of my friends have got their fall things and cannot I have mine?"

"What is necessary?" Harry asked, in a tone Grace did not like at all. So she said:

"Necessary! Nothing; I suppose I can stay in the house."

"What do you wish, then, Grace?" her husband asked gravely.

"A hat, a fall suit, gloves, shoes and new ribbons. Harry, I declare, by your looks one would suppose I was extravagant. I've not had a hat for thirteen months," Grace said, the quick tears coming again. Alas! for her good intentions.

"What will they cost?" he simply asked.

"I might make $100 do."

He looked as if about to remonstrate, but then, with a sigh, he took up his hat, asking:

"When must you have it?"

"This is Friday; I should like it by Monday, please."

"Very well, I will try and have it for you. Good-by," he said, and pressing his lips to hers went out.

"Now, Harry is worried because I asked him for that trifle. I declare, the more one gives up the more she may," pouted Grace. "I don't care. I'm not going out looking dowdy. I will put on my things now and go and engage Mrs. Harding to do my suit the first part of the week."

"Are you busy?" she asked, entering the dressmaker's room.

"No, indeed: I wish I were. Scarcely any work at all, and no pay for what we have done," said Mrs. Harding.

A groan from the next room caused her to go hurriedly out. After several minutes' absence she returned and said.

"Maggie is suffering so terribly with her eyes, poor child; it almost sets me crazy to see her so."

"Yes, I remember they were troubling her considerably some months ago. Was it occasioned by trying them too severely?" Grace asked.

"Yes, yes; every night until almost morning, and on very trying material, too. Do you remember that embroidered black cashmere of Mrs. Osborn's? That was the finishing stroke, I believe."

"Yes, I do. No amount could pay the cost of that suit, I should feel. Does she know it?" asked Grace.

Just at that moment the door opened and a girl entered. Mrs. Harding asked quickly:

"Have you got it?"

"Not a cent. She read your note, and I told her how terribly Maggie was suffering"——

"God help us! What shall we do?" groaned the mother.

"What is it? Tell me, do!" said Grace, going up to Mrs. Harding and taking her hand.

"Oh, I sent to Mrs. Osborn again. I have been sending for weeks without success. This time I made such an appeal I thought she could not resist. I begged her to send me enough only to send Maggie to B—— to have her eyes attended to. But, you see, she has not done it. She owes, Maggie mostly, $50. I begged for $30, or, if not so much, any amount," the poor mother sobbed out."

"Perhaps she has it not. Her husband could not pay his workmen last week," Grace was saying, when the poor woman cried out:

"I know it, and I know more than that. I know that the same week he bought and paid for a pearl cross and chain that cost $125. My neighbor's boy is employed in Gray's, where it was bought. He told me. And now, my poor child is almost dying with pain and quite blind. They will not pay us a dollar. How can she wear that cross, knowing this?"

"May I see Maggie?" Grace asked.

"Yes, but it is no use to have you distressed about her."

Poor Maggie had heard the girl's reply when she returned. Ah, what a heavy cross she had to bear then. She was so confident of the skill of the oculist whom she was advised to seek.

She was praying for strength when Grace came in.

"Dear Lord, give me strength to bear my suffering. Savior, help me bear my cross!" Grace heard her whisper.

So pale, so wan, so patient! Ah, Grace saw what suffering was then.

"I cannot see you, but I hear you, dear lady. Come, sit close by me; I'm glad you are here. Poor mother is almost broken down. Try to cheer her a little."

Grace's tears were flowing—she could not answer just then. After a little she asked, because she knew not what to say, I think:

"What is the doctor's name—the one you wish to consult?"

"Doctor Mason," Maggie answered.

"Doctor Mason! Charles Mason?" Grace asked quickly.

"Yes, madam."

"Then, my dear, my patient little Maggie, you shall go to him to-morrow or just as soon as you can. He is my father's dearest friend, and a distant relative. Maggie you shall go right to him. It will cost only the fare to B——, and we will manage that," Grace said, kissing the pale brow of patient Maggie, and adding, "I have enough money for that now with me. Mrs. Harding, come here," Grace called.

"Mother, God has helped us quickly," Maggie said,

Again kissing the gentle girl, Grace hurried off with her mother's blessing following her. She would not tell the mother of what she was about that night. "Not until I get Maggie off," she said.

Grace then consulted Nora about the probability of getting one of her nieces to go and help Mrs. Harding for a few days. "Do you think either of them would go, Nora?"

"Sure and I know they will, and for not a rid cent of pay, but one of your blessed smiles. And if you would go for them yourself, sure, and it's the whole of thim that'll be after following you to the ind of the earth, if you go," Nora answered.

"Then I will go myself, Nora," Grace said.

It was Saturday afternoon again.

"Suffering enough anywhere now, I think," said Grace, as she sat in Nora's brother's home.

"Just wait a bit till the father comes and then Kate'll go with you. She be after waitin' to know if it's any pay that he gets," said the mother.

Eagerly they watched for the father. At length a cry from one of the children told of his coming. Heavy was his tread. Heavy grew the heart that knew him best.

"Ah, it's nothin." There's no life in his tread. The children's cries are tearin' his heartstrings now," the mother wailed.

"An' Pat, my man, how is it wid ye?"

"Nothin' at all. Not a rid cent. Oh, bad luck to me if iver I do a stroke of work for him agin."

And down on the table beside him went his great shaggy head with a heavy thump, and a loud cry escaped his lips.

"The childer will be starvin'!"

"Oh, I cannot stand this," Grace cried, starting up. "Here, Mrs. O'Flynn; it's only $2. I have no more."

She was about to run out, when the door opened and a voice called:

"Pat, where are ye, me man? Cheer up a bit. Don't be cast down. It's Dan O'Kelly that can give ye a lift. Here! It's no childer I have. I'll divide wid ye. I'ts $12 I have, thanks to the boss. May the Lord bless every hair of his head!"

"Yis, bless him. He's a man that'll not be wearing of diamonds when his hands are starvin', nor drinking of wine when it's not a drop of tea that the woman or childer can have. Yis, good luck and long life to Mister Wentworth! God bless him and his forever!" exclaimed Pat, and his cry was joined by his wife and his friend.

"Grace stole away, followed by Katie, whose young heart was light again. Grace left her with Mrs. Harding, who was very thankful for the timely help.

"Harry! dear Harry! there, sit still in your chair. Let me be at your feet. Can you forgive your unworthy little wife? Grace said.

"Why, Grace, child, what do you mean?" Harry asked, raising her to his lap.

"Harry, I don't want that money. I only want to be worthy of my noble and just husband. I want to help you in all your good acts, not retard them, I know now why I could not have the ring. Ah, there is my sweet little bouquet! I will keep it forever to remind me of my naughtiness that day."

"No, no, my dear wife; only as a reminder of your husband's love," Harry said, caressing her.

"Oh, Harry, I've heard blessings enough on you to-day, and almost curses on another. I would not wear that cross of Linnette's for all the world. How much suffering, how many tears has every one of those pearls cost. Oh, it is a heavy, heavy cross she wears!" Grace said.

"Yes, dear; if I had given you what I wished so much. my men—some of them—would have gone unpaid. I was only just, my wife."

"And I was just a spoiled child, as you said. But now, my husband, I am going to try and be a true woman," Grace answered.

"That's my own darling, my precious wife. I have been rather despondent for a few days, but with your dear help I think we'll stem the tide—at any rate we will do the very best we can. And if my little wife has fewer diamonds, she will have more blessings," Harry said, his eyes filled with more than admiration and devotion as they rested on her.

A week after, Grace had a letter from Dr. Mason, giving good hope of Maggie's eyes being again as well and strong as ever.

Quinine at Six Cents an Ounce.

Dr. Cresswell Hewitt, of Lincoln-inn-fields, according to a statement has discovered the synthetical or artificial mode of making quinine, by which the price of that drug will be reduced to something like 3d per ounce. The importance of this discovery (which was made recently through the accidental breaking of a medicine bottle) is rendered greater by the fact that while hitherto we have been depending for quinine on the cultivation of the cinchona tree, from whose bark only about 2 per cent. of good quinine can be extracted, 98 per cent. being valueless, the drug can now be manufactured without limit by a very simple process from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world.

A dull ass near home needs no spur.

HIS GLOVED HAND.

Reminiscenses of the Mysterious Taking-off of a Pacha.

Mustapha Pacha Sadyk, was at one time the most powerful man in Egypt. It is impossible to conceive the enormous wealth of this man. Large tracts of country belonged to him, and the right of coining money in his own name. His splendor and magnificence were unequalled in the east. His harem of over 3,000 women occupied three immense palaces in which now all the government offices are located, and he had a special body guard in his seraglio of over 400 superb amazons, who, on state occasions, donned armor and helmets of pure silver. A member of almost every European order of knighthood, he was on terms of intimate acquaintance with all the principal statesmen in Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna. The English envoys accordingly devoted all their energies to win him over from the Khedive, in order that they might be able at last to sound the dark depths of Egyptian finance. It appears that they were about to succeed. Late one Thursday night in the month of June a carriage stopped at one of the side entrances of the Abdeen Palace, a stout gentleman with a very pronounced Jewish type of countenance jumped out, and limping rapidly up the stairs, demanded to see his highness at once. The Khedive, on being informed that his visitor was Julius Blum, confidential secretary and factotum of the minister of finance, ordered him to be admitted immediately. After kissing the hem of the monarch's coat in truly oriental fashion, the secretary informed the Khedive that the minister had been won over by the English envoys, and in order to save his own position had determined to turn king's evidence and to reveal to them on the following Saturday the whole of his highness' financial transactions. The latter, fully aware that such disclosures would inevitably result in his deposition, immediately determined at all costs to prevent their being made. The next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. After performing his devotions at the mosque, the Khedive proceeded in an open victoria to the palace of Mustapha Pacha Sadyk and invited that minister to accompany him during his usual afternoon drive. As this was by no means the first occasion on which his highness had honored him, the minister had no reason to be surprised, and pleasantly chatting together the Khedive and Mustapha Pacha Sadyk drove to this very Palace of Gezirch. On alighting at thot door you see there the Khedive, turning to his minister, invited him to supper on board the Vice-Regal yacht which lay moored in mid-stream, and suggested that Mustapha Pacha Sadyk should go on board immediately with the Princes Hussein and Hassan, saying that he himself would follow as soon as he had taken a bath. The minister accompanied by the Khedive's sons embarked at these very steps and was rowed off the yacht. A merry evening was spent on board, the whole ship being illuminated, and occasional snatches of music and laughter being wafted over to the shore. At about 11 o'clock the Khedive and both princes return alone, leaving on board the minister with the two Vice Regal chamberlains, Mustapha Bey F., and Sami Bey Baroudi. Shortly afterward the sounds of a short scuffle on deck were heard by the people on shore, and then all was quiet and the lights were extinguished on board. Soon after midnight the yacht cast loose from her moorings and noiselessly glided up the stream toward the first cataract.

Nothing more was ever seen in this world of Mustapha Pacha Sadyk.

On the next day a decree was issued stating that the Khedive had banished his minister of finance to Upper Egypt "for having dared to oppress his much beloved subjects," etc., etc. Four days later the yacht returned to her moorings off the Gezirch Palace, and when the two chamberlains above referred to resumed their service, it was noticed that Sami Bey wore a handkerchief around his throat, as if to hide some wound on his neck, and that Mustapha Bey F. had his right hand in a sling. Nothing can be kept secret in the east, and it soon oozed out that Sami's throat had been lacerated by the nails, and Mustapha's hand had been bitten through by the teeth of the unfortunate prime minister, when they strangled him with their own hands on the night of the supper. Both Sami and Mustapha were rewarded for their services by being pachas. Sami, after being made prime minister at the time of Arabi's insurrection, is now in exile at Ceylon, while his companion, Mustapha, after being engaged to an English lady who broke off the marriage when she heard the history of his hand, is now a cabinet minister. Blum, the private secretary, an Austrian Jew, who betrayed his benefactor and master, was naturally also rewarded by being made a pacha, and is at the present moment under secretary of state in the department of which Mustapha is minister.

Two Ways of Opening Oysters.

"Talk of opening oysters," said Old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight,

"Scotch snuff," said Old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it near their noses and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it is an adventure—sometimes a legend of his loves. As he proceeds the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremeddous and direful whoppers which are poured out, and as they gape my friends whips 'em, peppers 'em and swallows 'em."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here; they'd open easy if they only heard you."

—The black mare Thady, by Tom Bowling, the property of Milt Young, died recently from inflammation of the bowels.

HORSE NOTES.

—What they are doing under the saddle for youngsters in France now, was done in America forty years ago by aged horses.

—The fine 3-year-old, Climax, is now the exclusive property of Dan Lamasney, he recently giving $3000 for a half interest in the animal.

—At Healdsbury, Cal., with Sells Brothers' Circus, James Bell, while running his horse, received a broken arm, the horse falling, bringing the rider underneath in the fall.

—Mr. Shultz, of New York, is having constructed a two-story training stable, with twelve large box-stalls, finished in hard wood. The stalls will be 13x10, with earthen flooring.

—Stoval carried off the riding honors at Lexington. He not only was the most successful jockey, but he also exhibited good judgment and extraordinary determination in the saddle.

—Isaac Murphy, of Lexington, is horse-owner as well as jockey, a 3-year-old of his named Playfellow, starting at the recent meeting there in his colors. As a rider Murphy is deservedly famous.

—There will be at least a dozen stables to winter at Memphis, including those of Corrigan, Lamasney and Gratz. By some, Memphis is considered one of the very best wintering points in America.

—J. W. Guest's Terra Cotta, won the Clark Stake for 3-year-old colts, ¾ of a mile, at Lexington, in 1.16½. He carried 117 pounds against 107 and 110 for the other colts. The winnings were something like $1200.

—Crit Davis, Harrolsburg, Ky., had sent to him recently for development, four fillies and one colt, all by Messenger Chief (sire of Maud Messenger, 2.16½, and others). The colts are owned by different parties.

—The return match for $1000 a side, between the 3-year-olds Shep Knapp by Kentucky Prince, and Gordon by Sorrento, was trotted on the track of the New York Driving Club, October 15. It was won by the brown colt, hands down, in 2.37¾, 2.36½.

—Hiram Smith, the well-known trainer and driver, who was formerly with A. W. Cowan, of Jersey City, has purchased the large training stable of D. B. Herrington, on Jerome avenue, New York, where he will start in to train trotters and break youngsters.

—George J. Fuller, who developed all the famous trotters bred at Glenview, has engaged with C. F. Emory to train the Forest City farm (Cleveland) youngsters. Thomas Britton, who had charge of the brood mares at Glenview, has been engaged by J. I. Case.

—W. A. Collins, proprietor of the Fleetwood Stables, Sterling place, Brooklyn, has purchased from N. S. Vigil, Schaghticoke, N. Y., a gray 5-year-old pacing mare, by Highland Grey, dam Belle Hammond. Price $1500. She recently paced a half-mile track in 2.20. Mr. Collins will campaign her next year.

RACING IN ENGLAND.—The race for the private sweepstakes was not run at Newmarket Oct. 29th. and Ormonde had a walk-over. Ormonde now goes into winter quarters. He has not yet been beaten, and has gained one of the greatest records of any racehorse of the country. The race for the Jockey Club Cup was won by St. Gatien; Melton second; Eurasian third.

—Mr. W. H. Hamilton's bay mare Western Belle, was recently driven by John Murphy, in an impromptu race with Jesse Yereance's bay mare Sarah B. The horses got away neck and neck, and Western Belle took the lead from the start, getting to the half-mile pole in 1.09, and went under the wire in 2.25½. In the second heat Western Belle had it all her own way, going to the half in 1.11, and finished the mile in 2.27.

—While down at the Glenview sale a correspondent saw Colonel Barney Treacy's stud, of which he says: "To do the Colonel exact justice I must compliment him on the military precision with which all the maneuvers were executed at Ashland Park, for there the exhibition took the form of a parade show. There was neither bustle nor confusion, and the display was highly creditable in all respects, whether as regards quantity or quality."

—Twelve of Mr. Haggin's horses were sent on the 16th from Jerome Park to Matt Byrnes' stable, near Monmouth Park, and it is understood not only will these winter at Matt's farm instead of going to California, as expected, but will remain in Matt's public stable and be trained by him for their engagements next season. In other words, Mr. Haggin will divide his stable into two divisions, one to make the Western and Saratoga circuit, while the other races at the Eastern meetings under Byrnes. In numerical strength Mr. Haggin's will be so enormous a stable next season that he can readily do this, as with his 2 year-olds he must have some sixty head. Fred Littlefield, the jockey, will accompany Mr. Haggin's stable on its return to California.

—Following is a list of the winners of the Cæsarewitch stakes, ending with B. C. Vyner's Stoneclink, who captured the prize this year:

1829.	Cruiskeen.	1863.	Lioness.
1840.	Clarion.	1864.	Thalestris.
1841.	Ilions.	1865.	Salpinetes.
1842.	Arcanus.	1866.	Lecturer.
1843.	Coranna.	1867.	Julius.
1844.	Faugh-a-Ballah.	1868.	Cecil.
1845.	The Baron.	1869.	Cherie.
1846.	Wit's-end.	1870.	Cardinal York.
1847.	Caurouch.	1871.	Corisande.
1848.	The Cur.	1872.	Salvanos.
1849.	Legerdemain.	1873.	King Lud.
1850.	Glauca.	1874.	Adventuriere.
1851.	Mes. Taft.	1875.	Duke of Parma.
1852.	Weathergage.	1876.	Rosebery.
1853.	Haco.	1877.	Hilarious.
1854.	Muscovite.	1878.	Jester.
1855.	Mr. Sykes.	1879.	Chippendale.
1856.	Vengeance.	1880.	Robert the Devil.
1857.	*Prioress.	1881.	Foxhall.
1858.	Rocket.	1882.	Corrie Roy.
1859.	†Artless.	1883.	Don Juan.
1860.	Dureabella.	1884.	St. Gatien.
1861.	Andrey.	1885.	Plaisanteria.
1862.	Hartington.	1886.	Stoneclink.

*After a dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess.

†After a dead heat with Gaspard.

FASHION NOTES.

—Picot-edged ribbons, doubled and plaited are worn in ruching.

—White vests of brocaded silk or velvet will be worn with black silk.

—Fringes are deep and heavy and have velvet headings combined with beads.

—Braiding will be in favor for dresses, and will be in every variety of design.

—Three sizes for buttons are used in costumes—large for skirts, medium for jackets and small for closing bodices.

—Extremes meet in hats and bonnets, the former being very large, while the latter are noticeable for their smallness.

—High lace ruffs are worn about the necks of æsthetic-minded young women, reminding one of the days of Queen Bess.

—A rather pretty style for a 2 year-old baby's frock is of blue surah, with a short skirt trimmed with a flounce of unbleached thread lace; a trimming of similar lace is put on in braces over the bodice, the space between being plaited; the sleeve, cut very long and ample, is caught up at the elbow and fastened with a bow of ribbon.

—Small mantelets, with the fronts doubled up so as to form sleeves, are made of fancy woolen material called natte, in shades of gray and beige. They are trimmed with woolen braid and fringe to match, and are very pretty and useful for morning walking toilets. The same model is also made more elegantly in faille or silk rep, trimmed with guipure lace.

—Children's toilets do not offer much novelty, being always of the loose American style. An open vest is now frequently added to the plaited frock. A tasteful mode for a little girl from 8 to 10 years old has the plaited skirt and plastron of striped blue and leather-brown camels-hair, and the open jacket of dark blue cloth, cut out in square tabs, and trimmed with large buttons.

—In new mantles we have been shown jackets of frizzly cloth, made tailor fashion in dark shades of color, traveling cloaks of woolen sanglier, long enough to cover completely the skirt, and mantelets of basket-work silk, or silk rep, prettily trimmed with galloon and fancy fringe. These mantles are quite short at the back, not coming down below the waist, and fall in square lappels in front.

—A pretty morning costume is of pale buff flannel and bright blue twilled surah. Both the under and upper skirts are of the flannel—the first plaited, the second draped. The bodice plaited blouse fashion, is of the blue surah finished at the top by a band and collar, and at the waist by a wide sash of the same material tied in a loose bow at the back. The middle plait of the bodice is flattened down, and pretty pearl buttons are placed over it.

—Fancy woolens for autumn toilets are in great variety. One of the very prettiest is a very light sort of etamine, with a pattern of large satin spots, in veiling, serge, cheviot and cashmere. There is also a great choice of patterns, stripes, checks, dots and crescents being among the favorites. In colors, dark blue, leather brown, Russia-leather red, bronze and dark purple are most in vogue for daytime.

—Very pretty things in the way of under-petticoats are being prepared for the autumn and winter. We have been shown a very charming model of poppy-red glace silk, trimmed all over with gathered flounces, pinked out round the edge, and another of salmon-colored faille with flounces edged with silk lace of the same color. Faille of light texture are new manufactured on purpose for under-petticoats and underskirts, whether apparent or not.

—The rough-looking woolen material called sangalier is more in favor than ever for walking costumes. These are made very simply. The skirt remains open on its left side; at the back it is plaited in full double plaits; in front it is plaited across and slightly draped up over the left hip; the underskirt, which shows in the opening, is either of some plaid material or striped. The bodice is made either jersey fashion or in the shape of a jacket, with a plastron of either striped or plain surah. Plastrons do not seem likely to go out of fashion for some time yet. There is such a variety that one does not tire of them. Some are gathered full, and fall in a limp puffing; others are finely plaited lengthwise, and others again of a newer style or plaited across in small round hollow plaits.

—A handsome visiting-toilet is of blue silk serge and French moire. The underskirt is of moire, made plain in front and plaited at the back, without any trimming. The upper skirt of silk serge falls in full plaits at the back as low as the under one; in front it is slightly draped and caught up, in slanting plaits from right to left, on to the left hip, thus showing a good deal of the moire skirt. The bodice of silk serge is finely plaited into a peaked plastron both in front and at the back. The outline of both plastrons is defined by a border of very pretty beaded galloon of the same shade of blue as the dress. This trimming is put on in the shape of a V at the top, both in front and at the back, and above this the bodice is plain up to the neck, where it is finished with a standing-up collar, covered with beaded galloon. This upper part can be removed at pleasure so as to leave the bodice open for a dinner or evening toilet. The lower edge of the galloon is finished with a pretty little grelot fringe. The sleeve is of silk serge to the elbow only, where it is trimmed with galloon and fringe; the lower part down to the wrist is of moire, and without any trimming. At the waist-line the peak is marked out with galloon in front and at the back, and the back peak is ornamented on each side with long loops and ends of dark blue moire ribbon. This elegant toilet can also be made of cashmere and faille or velvet. The lower part of the sleeve can be removed, as well as the upper part of the plastron, if a more dressy style be required for the evening.

A GREAT SCHEME

WORKS WELL IN THE THEORY OF ITS FOLLOWERS.

How it is Proposed to Revolutionize Mexico and Form a New Republic Which the United States Will Be Forced to Recognize.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 15.—Two men have been here for five days organizing an agency in the interest of the filibustering expedition into Mexico. They started for St. Louis, leaving a man here of extensive border experience to continue their work. There are now enrolled in Dallas twenty or thirty trusted men, ready for a raid the moment the summons is received, and the number will be swelled to at least 100. Five times that number could be obtained, but the greatest caution is observed in selecting men, and none but the most trusted are accepted. All the enlistments will be made by the selected men being approached, instead of those desiring to enlist being allowed to know whom to approach. In this way the promoters and leaders expect to prevent betrayal.

Your correspondent had an interview with the emissary regarding the belittlement by the press of the daring scheme on foot, and the part the United States government is liable to play, and the apparent oversight on this point by the filibusters. The emissary said:

"That's the least of our fears. The United States will have very little to do with the movement. The government has no authority to do more than to check it on its own territory. It can do nothing whatever with the filibusters after they are once in Mexico, and we shall take mighty good care not to let the United States authorities know of our movements, or when or where we will make them. It would take 500,000 men for the United States to guard the Mexican border from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific ocean, and prevent the crossing of filibusters, and the United States will not be likely to take that much pains. We don't propose, when we are ready, to label ourselves 'Filibusters' to advertise the event. When we get ready to cross the border we will find plenty of natives with good leaders ready to meet us. We are not going into an annexation to the United States scheme. The object is to establish a new republic, the Rio Grande Socialistic Confederation, to be composed of the northwest Mexican states of Chihuahua, Durango and Sonora, with the capital, as at present intended, at Chihuahua City, as it has railroad communication with the outside world, and is the largest, richest and most important town in that section. We don't want the northeastern states—Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon and Coahuila—nor that great sand desert and worthless peninsula, lower California. We propose confining our work to the most desirable field, and not have an unwieldy area of territory to work over.

"We will, if successful, have very fair railroad facilities in the systems already established, and a port susceptible of development at Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. When the time for action comes, if the United States takes any hand in the affair, we count upon that action being favorable to the new republic, instead of against it, for the reason that when the Mexican federal government finds itself confronted with the extensive revolution that is certainly impending, and which it will not be able to suppress, her heaviest creditor, England, who is interested financially to the extent of nearly $100,000,000 in Mexican bonds, will step in to protect that interest, and in order to protect it will no doubt assume to restore order by force of arms and the establishment of some kind of a foreign protectorate or provisional government over Mexico. Then the United States will be forced to put in active practice the long asserted and maintained policy of resisting foreign (which means European) interference with the affairs of any of the republics on the American continent. She stopped Maximilian in his ambition to imperialize Mexico by the establishment of an empire, and she will thwart any other European effort to straighten out the domestic affairs of Mexico, even if she has to recognize the new republic to do so. When the time for outside interference comes, the Rio Grande Socialistic Confederation will have attained such powerful and respectable proportions that the United States will recognize its belligerent rights, and the new republic will not be long in solving its own destiny. The lower class of Mexicans, known as peons, will be with us from the outset, as we propose elevating their condition from one of igorance and virtual servitude to one of liberty, property owners, and advancement in education. One of our strongest ideas is to have a thorough system of public schools and make education in the English language compulsory."

The emissary is a graduate of an eastern college, and has lived in Texas nearly two years. He throws his whole soul into the filibustering subject, and asserts that when the time for action comes, which is near at hand, the leaders will not be hampered for men, money, or the munitions of war. He is a personal friend of Henry George, for whom he has the strongest admiration and affection, and whose doctrines he unequivocally endorses. He and his associates will remain in St. Louis a week or so, and then go to New York and other eastern cities.

During the interview Cutting was frequently referred to, but the emissary spoke very guardedly of him, and studiously avoided positively connecting him directly with the movement, but it was plain to be seen that Cutting is a leader in the movement.

MAYOR GRACE ON HENRY GEORGE

What Gath Says the Mayor Said to Him.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The Enquirer prints the following from Gath:

"What do you think about the Henry George labor movement, Mr. Mayor?"

"Well, it is going to be, probably, a very important factor in the next government of the United States. You see, we elect on the same day in 1888 the president of the United States, governor of New York and mayor of New York city. There is a combination worthy of the attention of a very profound politician. Those different interests aggregate so much that it is one of the finest prizes politicians ever had to divide on the ordinary issue of an election. I would not be surprised if the labor men held together to see them throw the scale one way or the other."

"Do you know Henry George personally, Mr. Grace?"

"Yes; he is a first rate fellow. He is a smart fellow, too. You ought to meet him; his head is full of ideas."

New York's Grand Army.

UTICA, Pa., Nov. 12.—At a meeting of the council of administration of the state department, G. A. R., held in this city, it has been decided to hold the next annual encampment at Albany, Feb. 23, about two months earlier than usual.

Henry Watterson's Plans.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The Star publishes a dispatch from Louisville, stating that Mr. Henry Watterson is said to be about to transfer his abilities from The Courier-Journal to The New York Herald.

THE CHILD'S TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
And found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee, in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

—Coventry Patmore.

EXCESSIVE USE OF CONDIMENTS.

Disastrous Results From Improper Selection and Preparation of Food.

How can any thoughtful observer doubt that indigestion, through improper selection and cooking of foods, brings ill-temper, then enfeebled will power, and consequent weak resistance of temptation, grossness, immorality, intemperance, insolvency, divorce, infanticide, suicide and all the calamities of society? What mother will not shudder at such a legion of devils profaning the fair temple of her child's body by their occupancy, and what effort should seem too hard to avert such sad possibilities?

Do I exaggerate? I hope I do; but I am sadly familiar with the history of one life that went out in shame and pitiful weakness, as a confirmed opium eater, whose appetite was created and stimulated by the food prepared for her mother's table, the mother who would have died for her, and who sits to-day in her mourning gown, grieving for her only daughter! Rich food, the excessive use of condiments, wines—this was the testimony of herself, her husband and her physicians—proved the beginning of her ruin, while her brother, with the same surroundings, subject to the same temptations, was unharmed by their influence. We call such a circumstance "an accident;" but behind the seeming accident which harmed one and left the other unscathed, are subtler reasons connected with the physiological phenomena, the mysteries of which man is slowly learning to respect.

I watched the struggle between her womanhood and the serpent which had ensnared her, and it was pitiful! At times her broken, enfeebled will would assert itself, and I dared hope would triumph, but soon the wandering eye, the restless manner, the agonizing craving which burned, she said, "like the torture of the damned," would return, and at last her brave brain, which had borne the strain for fifteen years, crumbled and fell in ruins about the feet of one woman who could hold her soul in thrall with the music of her voice as sweet as the song of bird's with a woman's soul in it, and the story of her life was told.—Good Housekeeping.

Paris' Method of Street Transportation.

A system of transfer from one line of buses to another is also a feature of the Parisian method of street transportation. A person wishing to travel by bus to any given point may not find a line of buses going his way. He then takes a line which crosses some line which in turn crosses another line which goes to the neighborhood which he wishes to reach. For a single fare he can transfer himself from one line to another until he reaches his destination. Wherever these lines, which work together under what the Parisians call the correspondence system, cross each other, there is an omnibus station.

When a passenger wishes a transfer he goes into the station and receives a check bearing a number. When the bus which he desires to take comes up an official calls out as many numbers as there are vacant seats in the vehicle. The numbers which he calls are always those in the hands of the passengers who have waited the longest at the station. When the bus is "complet" it does not stop at the station. New comers have no chance until those who have taken advantage of the correspondence system are all served. An American friend of mine could not for some little time understand this system. "Why," said he, "whenever you go to one of these bus stations and try to get on they have a kind of a lottery and call off numbers. If you strike the combination you get a ride. Otherwise you stop on the curb."—Paris Cor. New York Times.

Revival of an Old Fashion.

The White House bride has not exactly started a curious fashion, but she has revived an old one. Among the many odd trinkets that formed part of her trousseau was a live bug about an inch and a half in length, looking like a bit of light, speckled wood. Around the insect's body is a tiny gold harness, to which is attached a fine chain. The lady fastens this chain to her left shoulder, and the bug wanders about at its own sweet will. This species of bug is called the "Machette," and is imported from Yucatan. They were a fashionable ornament some twenty or thirty years ago, and now that Mrs. Cleveland wears one they have again sprung into popularity. Several of our leading jewelers are selling the "Machettes" as fast as they can import them at the rate of $6 apiece. They are said to be deaf, dumb and blind, and subsist on scraps of dead wood. Deaf, dumb and blind! What wonder the "Machette" is chosen as a chaperon? And lives on dead wood, too; promise of future secrecy. —Philadelphia Times.

An Englishman's Opinion of Grant.

Grant I saw in Stanton's office, and he struck me as a quiet and most unpretending thunderbolt of war. In the camp I saw his tent, which was as plainly equipped as that of any subaltern, and it was well known that he hated military parade. Of his strategy I am no judge, nor can I pretend to decide whether any good purpose was served by all the carnage of the last campaign; but beyond question the victor of Fort Donelson was felt to be the military pillar of the north. Grant was thoroughly loyal both to the cause and to his colleagues. I suppose it must be said that he was ruthless. He certainly was, if it be true that he refused to exchange prisoners when his soldiers were perishing by thousands in the murderous prison camp at Andersonville. But if he shed blood without stint, he brought the slaughter to a close.—Goldwin Smith in Macmillan's.

1887

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COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 31st day of Oct. 1886, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of November next, being the 22d day of Nov. 1886, and to continue one week. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 2nd day of Oct in the year of our Lord 1886, and the one hundred and tenth year of the Independence of the United States. W MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

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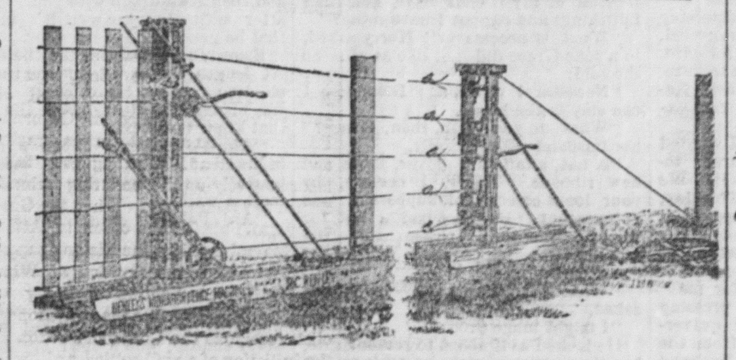

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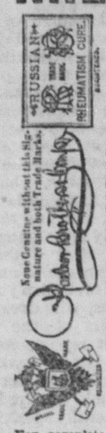

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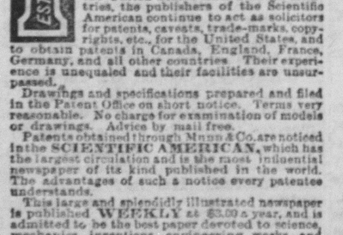

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THE WEEK'S SUMMARY

OF TELEGRAPHIC NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS.

Events That Have Happened in all Parts of the World Boiled Down to Pointed Paragraphs, Personal Mention of Doings and Sayings of Many People.

The Bulgarian assembly, in its reply to the speech of the regents, says it is the duty of the deputies to elect a prince to succeed Alexander. The address closes with the words, "Long live free and independent Bulgaria!" Bulgaria has been declared in a state of siege.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal, who arrived in New York on the steamer Bourgogne, when informed of the results of the recent elections, expressed freely the impression the news made on him. He ascribed the Democratic setbacks to lack of party usefulness in the Cleveland administration, and was of opinion that party lines would hereafter be drawn more closely in the matter of principles.

The wife of Jacob Wolff committed suicide at Danbury, Conn., by drowning.

During the heavy storm of Sunday the bark Magnolia was wrecked on the Island of Scatterie, coast of Cape Breton.

Lord Lansdowne, governor general of Canada, has arrived at Quebec on his return from England.

Two burglars were tracked from Providence, R. I., to Fall River, Mass., and captured, with a large collection of implements for safe breaking.

A meeting of women at Oscoda, Mich., issued an appeal calling for justice against a Dr. Weir, who is accused of causing the death of a young woman.

J. C. Codey and William Earle were killed in a collision between a passenger and a freight train on the Canadian Pacific railroad near Roger's Pass, B. C.

William A. Green, aged 45 years, stood in front of an approaching train on the Providence and Worcester railroad, near Providence, and was struck by an engine and killed.

Larry Donovan is fast recovering from the slight injuries he sustained from his leap into the Niagara river. He is opposed to exhibiting himself in a dime museum.

William Coffman, a prominent merchant of Knoxville, Tenn., committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at his home in that city.

Bertram Rodway, discouraged by his failure in business and his wife's desertion, and frenzied with drink and fits, shot her twice and tried to kill himself in Central park, New York. Neither is seriously injured.

Court proceedings have been begun to test the value of the late Samuel J. Tilden's testamentary work. The power given to the executors is the chief point of contention.

The coal combination intended to advance prices again on the 15th. They have decided not to do so because, as they say, the warm weather has left them with large stocks on hand, and high prices could not be maintained.

Two girls were abducted from San Francisco and were carried away by steamer. The father of one, after losing two weeks, followed to New York. He arrived two hours after the steamer from Panama, and captured the girls and the man who enticed them away.

David Fotheringham, the Adams Express messenger recently tied and robbed while in his car on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, has been arrested for complicity in the robbery.

Fred. Reger, a robber, whose specialty was diamonds and who obtained his booty usually by throwing pepper in the eyes of clerks, was arrested and fully identified at Chicago.

A west bound freight on the Nickle Plate collided with a cow at Fostoria, O. The locomotive and eight cars were wrecked, and Tom Martaugh, of Cleveland, was killed.

Speaker Carlisle and his wife are said to contemplate removing from Kentucky to Kansas, on account of the small vote the Democrats gave Mr. Carlisle in the late election.

Woman suffrage was defeated in the Vermont senate, the vote being 18 to 10.

In New Haven an effort is being made to enforce a law over a century old prohibiting all concerts and entertainments on Sunday.

Connecticut Congregationalists, at their annual council, are considering an application to the legislature for a law to stop Sunday railway traffic.

A Boston broker named Tabroham was arrested in New York on a charge of embezzlement.

The National Academy of Sciences began a session in Boston.

Two state game wardens in Maine encountered two poachers, and in the discussion that ensued one of the latter drew a double barreled fowling piece and deliberately shot and killed the two wardens.

I. C. McCormick, a cotton broker, 26 years old, committed suicide at his home in Hawkinsville, Ga., on the eve of his marriage.

A Texan steer charged a crowd of hoodlums, who were pursuing a Pinkerton special in Chicago, creating a diversion, during which the deputy escaped.

An explosion occurred at the works of the American Forcite Powder company at Lake Hopatcong. One man was killed and four seriously injured.

A man who was killed by accident in Ottawa told a friend a few hours before the accident that he would die within twenty-four hours.

The Charleston city council adopted a resolution setting forth the need of the immediate completion of the jetties there, and looking to having the matter urged upon congress.

Gen. John G. Gordon was inaugurated as governor of Georgia.

The officers of Monmouth county, N. J., refuse to pay certain expenses incidental to the Mingo Jack lynching affair, and the matter is in court.

The extreme closeness of the New Jersey legislature incites both parties to efforts to secure it, and recounts are sought wherever the slightest ground exists. Several have been ordered.

A registered mail pouch stolen last summer between New York, Pittsburg and Indianapolis is still missing. It contained over $100,000.

Gen. Delgado, the filibuster who was shot with three of his companions at Comayagua for leading an expedition against Honduras, refused President Bogran's offer of clemency based on condition that he would not again take up arms.

The schooner Detroit was wrecked near a place with the suggestive name of Death's Door. She had been wrecked once before.

Judge Wales, of the United States court, decides that the state of New Jersey has jurisdiction over a case of homicide on board a Belgian ship at Jersey City as against the claims of Belgium.

C. H. Wells, an employe of the St. Paul railroad, by whose carelessness the late accident at Rio, Wis., was caused, has been arrested, charged with criminal neglect.

Two hundred pork butchers at Hackensack, N. J., are on a strike.

Sam Purple, a farmer of Hodgman county, Kan., killed his wife and two children and wounded his wife's sister. He was taken from jail and hanged.

The Bulgarian sobranje has elected Prince Waldemar, the third son of the king of Denmark, the successor to Prince Alexander on the throne of Bulgaria. Prince Waldemar is 28 years old.

It is claimed that Minneapolis will handle, the present season, 35,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette announces the candidacy of Hon. M. S. Quay for United States senator from Pennsylvania.

In Illinois it is announced that there will be three contested seats in the next congress, including Mr. Morrison vs. Mr. Baker.

The almost miraculous escape of a crew of thirteen from a burning ship in the midst of a gale is reported from the island of Miquelon.

A captain in the Salvation Army stole from a cranberry picker at Wareham, Mass., the affections of his sweetheart, but was arrested for theft, and love returned to its original channels.

A newspaper office in Foxborough, Mass., has been broken into and robbed four times recently. It has been discovered that the criminals are three small boys, well connected, who attend one of the primary schools.

Albert J. Scale, a confidential bookkeeper at Troy, is under arrest as an alleged defaulter.

An energetic pursuit after the slayers of the two game wardens, killed at Hemenway, Me., is being made by the people of that vicinity.

The United States Association of Charcoal Iron Workers, in convention at Philadelphia, visited Wilmington, Del., and inspected the industrial establishments of that city.

The wealthy marble dealer of Joliet, Ills., F. Zirkle, was buried in accordance with his wishes, being followed only to the grave by his wife and daughter and without any kind of funeral rites.

A fisherman in Galveston bay found in an anchored sloop the body of its murdered navigator hanged in the cabin.

For ten years a hermit, whose name even could not be learned, dwelt in a log cabin in the Catskills. A few days ago the cabin was found in ashes and the recluse had disappeared, leaving no trace.

A hearing in the case of the fishing schooner David J. Adams was begun at Boston.

Manager Haverly, arrested in Chicago at the suit of Harry Miner, was released on bail.

A man 60 years old was arrested in Portsmouth, N. H., charged with trying to kill his wife by drenching her with kerosene oil and setting fire to her.

By a fire in a cigar factory at Philadelphia 100 lives were imperiled. Several men and women were badly burned and bruised before they could be rescued.

A. W. Leach, a freight conductor, aged 25 years, was run over by the cars at the railway depot at Wabash, Ind., and killed.

Charles Bohall was convicted of the murder of the infant child of Mrs. Groger by choking it to death, at Erie, Pa.

Michael Davis, a longshoreman, while attempting to jump from a ferryboat at New York was caught between the boat and the bridge and crushed to death.

Collector Magone, of New York, has discovered an ancient law providing that every vessel leaving port must file at the custom house a manifest containing the name, weight and value of every article in her cargo. He intends to carry it out, and the steamship men are in a ferment.

The Grand Army of the Republic of Tennessee will give Gen. Fairchild a grand reception at Nashville on the 6th prox.

Alabama devotes one-third of her revenue to public schools, and the only arrearages in taxes for the current year is $50.

Miss Ida C. Hulton was ordained as pastor of Unity church, at Des Moines, by the Unitarian conference.

A wildcat weighing fifteen pounds was killed near Summit, N. J.

A fire which has been burning in a mine at Connellsville, Pa., for some weeks, has at last been extinguished.

Prince Komatsu and suite, of Japan, sailed from New York for England.

Ex-Alderman McCabe, under indictment in New York for receiving a bribe to vote for the Broadway railroad charter, who was adjudged insane, was released into the custody of his friends under a $20,000 bond.

W. J. Lester, of Indianapolis, returned to that city from a bridal tour, when he was arrested for forging sundry notes, the proceeds of which he used on his trip. His young bride is prostrated with grief and shame.

Robert G. Ingersoll has not been engaged as counsel for the condemned Anarchists, as reported.

George Havens, the third victim of the recent explosion at the Forcite powder works at Hopatcong, N. J., is dead from his injuries.

Michael Davitt in a speech at Cleveland expressed the belief that the next election in England would result in Ireland's freedom.

United States District Attorney Walker, of New York city, has reported adversely upon the petition for a pardon for James D. Fish on account of sickness of the latter.

The Fall River manufacturers have refused to advance the wages of spinners.

John W. Wilson was hanged at Anna, Ills., for murdering his wife, who was soon to become a mother.

The constitutional amendment prohibiting the employment of convict contract labor in Illinois was lost by 8,000 votes.

Ghilzai rebels were defeated in a battle in Afghanistan and ten car loads of heads of slain rebels were shipped to Cabul as trophies of war.

William H. Bowman, of Rochester, N. Y., has been appointed by the president to inspect the Oregon and California railroad in the place of Gideon J. Tucker, who declined to serve.

The Anti-Saloon Republican league has removed its headquarters from Chicago to New York.

Rev. A. A. Hodge, D. D., late professor of theology in the Western Theological seminary, died suddenly at Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Dugan, wife of a wealthy banker, died during a convention of the W. C. T. U., at Delphi, Md.

The king of Denmark has declined to allow his son, Prince Waldemar, to accept the honor offered him by the Bulgarian assembly. Prince Nicholas, of Mingrelia, continues to be described as the czar's candidate for the Bulgarian throne.

A young belle, of Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, died after returning from a party under circumstances which indicate poisoning.

Charles Hudson, a prisoner confined in jail at Sedalia, Mo., committed suicide by saturating his bedclothes with oil and setting them on fire.

A band of 100 "Ball Knobbers" made a raid on the saloons of Chadwick, Mo., but met with prompt resistance by armed citizens. A street fight ensued.

Charles E. Lyman, aged 65 years, was rescued from the flames of a burning cooperage shop at Reading, Pa., but was so horribly burned that he died shortly afterward in great agony.

A box of goods and some money has been sent from Charleston, S. C., to aid the sufferers by the disaster at Sabine Pass.

Hathaway, the Fall River embezzler, was released from the Massachusetts state prison, saving two years on a ten years' sentence by good behavior.

The taking of testimony in the famous Wilson-Moen suit in Boston closed, and the secret, for the keeping of which Mr. Moen paid $250,000, is not yet revealed.

Recruiting for the proposed filibustering expedition into Mexico is in progress at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Canadian Knights of Labor propose to show their strength in the coming elections. They adhere to no party, and will vote only for candidates pledged to promote the views of the order.

The Massachusetts supreme court, full bench, decides that the opening of any shop, store or warehouse on Sunday is prohibited by the state law.

The mystery about Mrs. Victoria Morosini-Schilling has at last been unraveled. A letter has been received by the lady's sister stating she is well and happy in Europe, and her father has confirmed the authenticity of the story.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher settled the disputed question as to who shall pay for the public reception which the Brooklyn municipal government offered him by writing a letter to Mayor Whitney declining the invitation.

The long strike of the molders in Paterson, N. J., is at an end.

A young Englishman who claims to be highly connected, but awaiting remittances, was locked up in Chicago on a charge of defrauding a steamship acquaintance.

A mob in San Francisco dispersed without bloodshed after surging around the jail for hours, uttering the most terrible threats against Goldenson and other imprisoned murderers.

Boston officials conclude to go slow in enforcing the state Sunday laws in accordance with the sweeping decision of the supreme court, which requires abstinence from all labor and the closing of all shops, stores and warehouses.

Eli Lalonde, who was tarred and feathered at Muckirk, Ont., has died from the effect of the outrage. His wife and son are charged with others as the assailants.

By the bursting of a boiler in Mapes' mill, near Sheffield, Pa., two persons were killed and three seriously injured.

A witness named Neal will testify at Sioux City, Ia., that one saloon keeper attempted to hire him to kill the Methodist minister, Haddock, who was assassinated in July last during the prohibition excitement.

Catherine Lavalle, of Lockport, N. Y., was found dead under such circumstances that her son was arrested on suspicion of matricide.

The Gloucester schooner Flying Scud was seized by a Canadian cruiser in Halifax harbor and charged with selling fish gear to the natives.

The students at Cornell University are engaged in a contest with the owner of the water rights in Cascadilla pond which may result in many lawsuits. They bridged the pond and drew off all the water in it.

In the recount in Passaic, N. J., Carroll, the Knight of Labor candidate, was declared to have been elected to the assembly.

M. Bartholdi sailed for France in darkness which was not tempered by the rays of Liberty's torch.

A delegation of female teachers called on Mayor Grace, of New York, and urged him to appoint one of their sex a school commissioner.

Private Detective Avoren J. Wightman was found guilty, in the court of oyer and terminer, in New York city, of attempting to blackmail Mr. Charles F. Sears, of Buffalo, and was remanded for sentence.

The private residents of Liberty island were ordered to leave, as it is to be a permanent military post. Carpenter George McAllis did not vacate in time, and was locked out by the soldiers.

Shall Princeton be a University?

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 12.—The trustees of the College of New Jersey have held their annual fall meeting. President McCosh's report showing the increase in the number of students in the last fifteen years from about 250 to almost 600 was the most interesting feature. The question of larger endowment and the advisability of substituting Princeton university for the College of New Jersey on the catalogue was also discussed.

A Pennsylvania Gold Find.

WESTCHESTER, Pa., Nov. 12.—Gold quartz, yielding from $17 to $26 per ton, is said to have been found on the farm of J. T. Sarchett, near Exton, and on other premises thereabout. There is much excitement among the people in that vicinity over the find. The Chester valley is rich in marble, limestone, iron ore and other mineral products.

TRADE BULLETIN.

New York Money and Produce Market Quotations.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Money closed at 5 per cent., which was the lowest rate. The highest rate was 10. Exchange closed steady; posted rates, 4.81½@4.85; actual rates, 4.80¾@4.81 for sixty days and 4.84¼@4.84½ for demand. Governments closed steady; currency 6s, 125¼ bid; 4s, coup., 127¾ bid; 4½s, do., 111 bid.

The closing prices in stocks were irregularly changed, but in many cases fractionally higher than last night. The features of the day's speculation were the southern stocks, the bituminous coal stocks, Jersey Central and Richmond and West Point. The sales for the day amounted to 280,542 shares.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—FLOUR—Closed steady, but not quotably changed; winter wheat extra, $2.60@4.75; Minnesota extra, $2.60@4.90; city mill extra, $4.40@4.50, for West Indies; Ohio extra, $2.60@4.60. Southern flour closed steady, at unchanged prices; common to choice extra, $3.25@5.

WHEAT—Options were extremely dull, while prices were irregular, closing at about yesterday's prices. Spot lots closed steady, but without material change. Spot sales of No. 1 red state at 88½c.; No. 2 do., 84c.; No. 1 white do., 84c.; ungraded red, 81@84c.; No. 3 do., 82¼c.; No. 2, 85c.; No. 2 red winter, Dec., 85¾c.; do. Jan., 87c.; do. May, 92¾@93¼c.

CORN—Options were dull, closing weak at a trifling decline for the day. Spot lots closed weak and ¼c. lower. Spot sales of No. 2 mixed at 45¾c.; ungraded, 44@45½c.; No. 2 mixed, Nov., 44⅛c. bid; do. Dec., 45⅞c.; do. Jan., 47¾c.; do. May, 50a.

OATS—Options were dull and easy, closing about steady at last night's figures. Spot lots closed firm and a trifle higher. Spot sales of No. 1 white state at 37c.; No. 2 do., 35½c.; No. 2 mixed, Nov., 33½c. bid; do. Dec., 33¼c. bid.

RYE—Dull; western, 55@56c.; state, 57@58c.

BARLEY—Quiet and steady.

PORK—Firm; new mess, $10.87½@10.75.

LARD—Closed barely steady; cash, $6.23½; Nov., $6.22@6.24; Dec., $6.21@6.22.

BUTTER—Firm; state, 17@20c.; western, 12@26c.

CHEESE—Steady; state, 10@12½c.; western flat, 11¾@12c.

EGGS—Steady; state, 25c.; western, 24@25c.

SUGAR—Raw dull, featureless and unchanged. Refined steady, but quiet; cut loaf, 6¼@6 5-16c.; crushed, 6¼@6 5-16c.; cubes, 5 13-16@5¾c.; powdered, 6@6¼c.; granulated, 5 11-16@5¾c.; mould A, 5¾@6c.; confectioners' A, 5¼@5 15-16c.; coffee A, standard, 5¼c.; coffee off A, 5¼c.; white extra C, 5c.; extra C, 4¾@4¾c.; C, 4¾@4¾c.; yellow, 4¼@4¼c.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who *have been cured* by the use of Athlophoros.

Greenfield, Mass., May 19, 1886.

I have been troubled with rheumatism in one of my knees for years, being at times laid up for several days. Athlophoros has entirely cured me. It has also cured two friends of mine who were the worst cases I ever saw, one of them a young man only 16 years old, who was so bad the doctors gave him up. Two bottles of your remedy entirely cured him.

GEO. W. SPURR, Mg'r Diamond Soap Co.

October 14, 1885.

Two bottles of Athlophoros cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. My family physician advised me to take it, saying he had done all he could, but could not give me any relief; but Athlophoros drove it away, and I am happy to say it has never come back. My daughter was also cured by half a bottle after suffering the pangs of rheumatism. MRS. JANE DOWNEY,
24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1886.

For many years I have been subject to rheumatism in its worst forms. During my last siege of sickness I was induced to try Athlophoros, and found it to be all it claimed to be, a cure for rheumatism.

LEVI I. CLARK.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled. 9

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 14, 1886

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		7 56 a m
"	"	Renovo		8 50 a m
"	arr at	Erie		4 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 14 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 15 p m
"	"	Renovo		4 15 p m
"	"	Kane		8 35 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 14 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		2 40 p m
"	"	Montandon		4 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		7 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		8 00 p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 35 a m
"	arrives at	Renovo		12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 20 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves	Renovo		4 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 23 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 27 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.					Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	4 40	
1 40	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	4 30	
1 48		6 15	Biehl	8 51		4 21	
1 56		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		4 16	
2 09		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		4 06	
2 25		6 48	Millmont	8 18		3 52	
2 35		7 00	Laurelton	8 10		3 43	
2 25		7 49	Coburn	7 23		2 57	
3 34		7 56	Zerby	7 15		2 47	
3 44		8 10	Rising Spring	7 06		2 39	
3 55		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		2 29	
4 02		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		2 20	
4 08		8 34	Gregg	6 43		2 13	
4 20		8 45	Linden Hall	6 36		2 05	
4 25		8 52	Oak Hall	6 30		2 00	
4 30		8 55	Lemont	6 25		1 55	
4 36		9 03	Dale Summit	6 20		1 50	
4 49		9 14	Pleasant Gap	6 09		1 40	
4 56		9 19	Axemann	6 04		1 34	
5 00		9 25	Bellefonte	6 00		1 30	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 4.55 p m and 7 20 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

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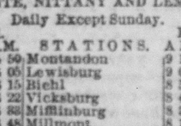

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Of Cupid going A-Maying.

Once on a time Dan Cupid, playing,
Would like my Lesbia go a-Maying,
And, finding sweet the flowers,
He pulled and plucked the snowy May,
Until to bear it all away
Was quite beyond his powers.

At this such angry tears he shed,
Vowing 'twas better to be dead
Whilst Maying was in fashion,
"'Tis such a horrid sport," he cried,
Flinging the flowers far and wide
In such a pretty passion.

But Lesbia chanced to pass there by,
And also would some posies tie
If kindly he would aid her.
So, gathering more than all before,
Most bravely he the burden bore
The while that he obeyed her.

Quoth smiling she, "An hour ago
Your mighty strength you did not know
And would not go a-Maying!"
"So plain it is that Love," quoth he,
'Gains strength when Beauty nigh him be,
'Tis hardly worth the saying!"

MIDSUMMER FIRES.

To-morrow would be midsummer's day. The sun was nigh its setting. Out over the level, shining sea he seemed to lie; blood red and ruddy purple gleamed the throbbing waves of the horizon; rosy and golden came the rippling wavelets from that distant path of the sea to the yellow sands of the Manx coast.

A path, winding up a headland, led from the various shores to a white road. The red gleam of the sunset was upon it, and the sparse heather landward glowed ruddy, as some girls sauntered loitering along the path.

There were three of them, sisters. One was a child, Nessie; the others, Meta and Kate Qualtrough, were on the happy borderland of girlhood and womanhood.

We have no picturesque national garb of a foreign land wherewith to set them forth—they were dressed as hundreds of girls in London might be dressed, though they came of so pure a Manx race as to be proud of the days when English people were looked upon as foreigners in Man.

Nessie was full of life; she danced ahead, or she lingered behind; she sprang to right or left over the broken ground of the headland; what her sisters waited for had evidently no strong hold on her thoughts. At last she struck in with this:

"Ye'll be utterly foolish, you girls, idling here any longer for those lads." Her accent bore the North Country lilt and the soft, sweet tones of the Manx people. "Do you think they'll be leaving their fishing for the—"

"Hist!" commanded Meta.

The girls were all at play in a sense, but it was play with a serious vein in it to Meta.

"Eh?—I'm full of respect!" and wild Nessie threw out her arms and made a gay, bowing reverence in a circling fashion to the hills and the green mountains. "But the boys are not so, and I'm thinking they'd only be hindering us if they were here."

"Still, we promised—" Kate put in.

"And they promised, too; and if they break their promise we'll be free from ours, I say. Do come we'll be awfully late, and there's a lot to do."

Then they walked on a bit faster. Nessie was out of sight, but yet they were closely following on her steps. So many bends and turns and shoulders there are to these Manx headlands that one may be easily out of sight.

A shout burst forth into the still Summer air, and the next moment Nessie, with waving arms and with yellow hair flying as the light wind caught her, was seen on the topmost bit of green.

"Boat ahoy!" and her arms gesticulated. There was a boat skimming across the bay—Peel Bay. One unbonneted head was in the stern of the round, deep boat; it belonged to a fisher's lad, who was the working-chum of three scarlet-capped youths. One of these last was a Qualtrough, a cousin of the girls; the others were his friends, lads, who a year or two back, had been with him at King William's College at Castletown, but who being English, were only in Man for a Summer jaunt now.

And now it had been for the delectation of these same young Englishmen that the doings of that midsummer eve were being made so much of.

"Do they mean to land or not?" asked Kate.

"Undoubtedly," was Meta's decisive word. "Do they not know it is for them we are making this delay?"

In a very short time the boat was out of sight, which means that she was well under the headland, and landing her crew in White Strand Cove. Some few moments more and three young men in boating flannels, and each with a rough pea jacket atop, appeared from clambering up the face of the headland. Then the party went on more swiftly.

First on to and across the white sunlit roadway, then down an opposite lane, rough and stony and untended. This lane finally lost itself on a furzy common, where short, sweet, mossy grass was patched irregularly by a savagery of gorse, and furze, and strong, waving bracken. Meta, walking apart, pulled the bracken; Kate and Nessie, with energy of a more talkative and less solitary humor, bade the young men bring out their knives and slash away mossy branches of gorse and furze.

"Where is all this to go now?" asked Doyle Philipson, the elder of the two English brothers. "Is this common the haunt of—of—the enemy?" A twinkle lighted up a would-be grave face.

"Oh, don't!" Meta's exclamation was instinctive.

"There!" cried the Manxman of the party. "Take Meta's horror for your key-note, Philipson, or you'll be setting us all in danger of the evil influences of the hour."

"Eh, Willie!" and Nessie flung her vigorous small self against her cousin, herself armed with a huge bundle of prickly furze, "ye'll be the worse of the three. You ought to know better."

"Blessed are the immunities of ignorance!" the youth exclaimed.

"I do not say that all," quickly young Philipson replied "I wish to know—I wish to—"

"Meta will tell you then."

The girl was still in her silent humor perhaps a dangerous humor for a nature just a degree prone to mysticise over things.

These were men from the outer world, the brave outer world of which she dreamed; the faithless outer world which she knew ridiculed any ancient fantasy of custom. Should she be silent, or should she be brave and show that she was not too weak to acknowledge her weakness? One second she had for hesitation, but no more.

"Will you"—came the question pointedly put to her—"lay your commands upon me, Miss Qualtrough, and tell me while I obey?" How light and yet how true did he look as his clear-browed eyes met hers.

Meta flushed with pleasure. Was there really a sensible man going to listen to her old wives' fables, and listen with respect? The delight of this flashed through her and made the delicate Manx face of the girl radiant. Manx feminine beauty has not had much eulogy, very likely; but, where will you find more delicate features, brighter intelligence, and purer expression than in the faces of the girls of Man? Meta Qualtrough was a picture, with all the loveliness of those island women.

"You mean it?" was her cry, and her face was full of enthusiasm. Her blue eyes took a fire of brilliancy, and the clear delicate pink of her complexion heightened its color with one quick flush, gone as soon as it was seen.

"Assuredly I mean it. Ignorance has no charms for me as it has for your cousin there. But I do not promise faith, mind you."

A shadow fell over Meta's radiance.

A very quick-eyed young man was this. He saw it, and read, too, in his kindly, sympathetic soul the measure of her trouble. So reading, he at once set himself to gladden her again. He was thinking what a lovely study her radiance would make some girl saint of Middle Age religion.

"Every one has a chink in his armor, you know; and though I am matter of fact personified, you may—just may"—he smiled, "find me vulnerable somewhere."

The rest were ahead, every one of them laden with green or sun-dried stuff for the burning. These two gathered up their burdens and followed, talking all the way.

From the gorsey common the track was homeward for the girls, and they crossed a meadow, stopping at its further side by a brook, where grew clumps of golden marsh marigolds. These were wanted as much as the dry stuff, but not for burning.

"I thought not," said Edgar, the younger of the Philipsons. "They're far too pretty. You have some in a bowl at your house. They come far before the lilies of the London æsthetics, in my opinion." This young man was not, like his brother, an artist, but a trader. To put his status quite plainly, he was a clerk in a tea merchant's office. And here he was treading on to the debatable ground of lily worship!

"Very well out here," said young Qualtrough, rather testily; but not the things for girls to wear on their dresses. You don't mean that?"

"I was thinking of that;" and the other marked the word. "Miss Qualtrough"—he turned to Kate—"do not let him talk you out of wearing them."

Kate had worn some only the evening before.

"No, I shall not; certainly I shall not!" she cried, laughing. Nevertheless she wore only roses that night.

"What do you with these? What is their virtue?" Doyle asked of Meta.

"You shall see if you can be patient. Their virtue?—I cannot say."

"Empty seer!" cried the young man.

"Yes—we've reasoned out the fires, but here I don't know where to begin. We always do it—the children always do it."

"What?"

"We lay them about on the door sills and the window sills, and we strew them by the outhouses. It is for 'good luck.' We all want good luck!'"

"So we do, but—I'd like a reason to see why 'good luck lurks within the mysteries of these marsh marigolds more than in other flowers."

"Can't give it you, but you shall have the 'good luck' if you'll have a flower, or shall I keep it back from you?"

"No—no. Give it to me."

"How excited you are! I've found the chink in your armor. I've found out you are superstitious, and I'll just punish your weakness"—Meta parodied some of his own words—"by not giving you the flower."

"Or—the good luck! Oh! you will."

"No."

What was mastering this very proud disciple of matter of fact? His sun-tanned face flushed, and something carried him out of his former wise self. He ran back to the brook, where he saw one golden starry blossom left, and plucking it, he brought it like a trophy to Meta.

"This is for you," he cried. "There is 'good luck,' infinite good luck for you, and—if for you, then for me. You have given me your faith—"

A shout from the rest interrupted him. Could he possibly have been going to say that he had faith in those old wive's fables of Meta's?

"Oh, be quick! they are all waiting for us," and Meta ran before him. She could by no means face any talking in such a passionate strain as this matter-of-fact youth was developing. She felt hot, and she ran up to the others laughing and talking gayly. Certainly her humor had wondrously changed.

* * * * * *

The midsummer eve closed in, and the gray of the night came on. Strangers from the foreign land of England wondered as they drove home from their day's excursioning at the fancy of the peasants for setting light to the gorse everywhere.

All the young Qualtroughs were out in the grounds with Willie and his friends. Mr. Qualtrough, gray-headed and wise, went out too. Perhaps he laughed over it all, but there had never been a Midsummer Eve he could recollect without the burning of the witch fires. No, indeed; and if his children had shown themselves very advanced in the common sense of the age and neglectful of the old customs, he, good man, would have been just one degree uncomfortably surprised.

They had all had a merry supper—Manx folk are primitive, and supper is not yet wholly cast into oblivion—and then all went out. Two of the girls threw light shawls over their heads; Nessie stuck on a gray felt hat of her father's, and they went gayly round the house and through the unkempt, luxurious flower garden; then through the kitchen garden, where monstrous cabbages sheeted the beds with their crumpled outer leaves; where the strawberries blinked rosy from amid a tangle of long suckers; where alleys were made by trained apple trees, whose green young fruit promised joys to lads and maids in the days to come.

"Ah!" suddenly young Philipson exclaimed.

"The Corrin's fire at Ballaseggan!" and Mr. Qualtrough turned round. There had come a golden, springing, flashing light on his glasshouses.

"Horrid!" Nessie exclaimed angrily, "and ours not alight yet. Jim is horrid! I specially gave him orders to light up early, because Mona Corrin declared they'd have the finest show. I'll be speaking to him to-morrow morning."

"Do, dear, do," Willie, her cousin said.

"I will." And she ran on. In a moment she was seen flying up to the wooden ladder which led up to what they called their "lookout," a square miniature tower which gave a grand view over miles and miles of farmlands, of distant mountains, of western sea, and—a sight of all for strangers—of one bit of savage, storm-battered Calf of Man. "Grand!" she cried joyously. "Grand! We're alight now! Eh! I'll not heed Mona having the start, we'll be far the finest."

A pale golden fire began to shimmer on a near-by hill, it spread until verily the whole of the hillside was a tricksy flashing dance of fire.

"Our gorse is not there?" Doyle wondered.

"Eh? No. This is my private business. Jim and I did this in the morning."

"So! That is how Jim does his weeding?" her father began.

"Yes. That'll be his manner of weeding on Midsummer Eve! He couldn't do less than obey his mistress!"

"No, Mr. Philipson," she went on. "The bits of fuel we got this evening are on the other side. Look! I saw Jim run across only two minutes ago; he'll be lighting it up now."

She was right. A hillocky lift of the land was spangled all at once with patches of flame, ruddy flame, golden flame, flame that sputted and fizzed as it mastered the juices of the green bracken.

"We have an extra grand show to-night, girls," Mr. Qualtrough began. "Who shall say our old customs are dying out? But I expect it is as much in your honor as in that of the fairies and witches," he nodded to the young men.

They, seated like the girls, on the battlements of the miniature tower, were gazing here and there, as one quarter, and then another was made alight. Beacons, like stars, blazed out far away. Evidently the whole neighborhood was of one mind.

"We'll not accept that idea to-night, Sir," Doyle answered. "No, no; let us not tempt the powers. But can we not go among it all? Two minutes will take us where Jim is."

"Oh! if you like."

So they left the gardens and tramped over a field to the hillocky ridge. There was a good deal of talking and laughing, as might be supposed, but among it all Meta was again silent. She was wearing her one marsh marigold stuck under her chin, as a girl might wear a brooch. She was very careful of it, keeping her light wrap well away from it. What danger of cold could there be on such a sweetly warm Summer night?

She lingered behind. But among such a gay string of merry folks who would notice one straggler?

Nessie was by Jim and talking hard and fast. No one paid any heed to her, but we must, for the subject of her talking affects our story.

"There were nine lots, Jim."

"Eh, missee, I'll know that; and nine have I set the light teu," reining his word real Manx fashion.

"Then where are they? Six—seven—eight," she counted.

"It's beyond me, missee; but nine'll be the number I kindled. Sure, by token I'd only ten matches in my box here, and one I left for the pipe. Pfah?" he blew on to the pipe bowl. "It's nigh out she'll be, missee, with me talking an' talking."

He here took a good whiff to ward off the fulfillment of his words.

"The boys must have matches. I'll by no means go without nine!"

Nessie was always a bit self-willed.

"Eh, missee?—let be. I wouldn't interfere—"

"Interfere!"

"Sure—"

"What stuff!" Nessie's play had no faith—no faith of the timorous sort, at least. "I'm as strong as the fairies. If they put the fire out I'll light it again! That I will!"

She ran back to the young men.

Whereat Jim faced the inevitable and bestowed all his active care upon his pipe. He shrugged his bent shoulders; perhaps it was at the foolhardiness of young maids.

All at once a new blaze of light sprang into the gray night. It came with a sudden flash just behind where Nessie and the boys stood and talked.

One golden flash there was; dry gorse had caught a smouldering spark, left at the very tail, as one might say, of Jim's ninth match. Then the flash died down; then—another blaze, and a brighter, more golden blaze. A quick, short cry on the top of it: "Ah!"

Meta's foot treading on the unseen dry gorse had pushed it toward the dying match—had kindled the flame, and—her dress, a soft muslin thing, had been caught by it.

There was a rush. All were first and all were last, it seemed. Meta was down upon the ground before the rush and cry were done. Every flame was out, every smoldering spark was hurried out of life.

For one moment Meta lost sight and sound. Then memory flashed back one sight and one sound—Doyle Philipson she had seen tear off his coat and she had heard him give one cry.

"Meta!—my own!"

How the soft gray night echoed the words! Had she dreamed them? Was she dreaming still? There was now no fire, the flickering lights of the distant hills were paling under the breeze, her father stood over her, bidding her not to "be afraid."

"Your coat has suffered." This she heard Mr. Qualtrough say to a dim, shadowy figure. The voice was low, and such as comes when a man's inner self is trembling.

Doyle made a light answer. Men do answer lightly, even when perhaps the gravest question of their life is fighting for its answer within them. He pushed his arms into his coat sleeves, and all at once he found that in crushing down the rising flame of Meta's dress he had got his hand burned.

* * * * *

A week hence the young men had to go away from Man.

Willie Qualtrough was to drive them to Douglas on the morrow, so as to be in time for the boat. A good hour's drive this was, and they must be up betimes. He and his friends had strolled over the fields from his father's house; they would naturally say good-bye to the girls and the Qualtroughs of Brae Hill.

Again it was a Summer night, again the girls were wandering about the old garden. Meta was aloft in the "lookout," Kate was below meeting the young men, Nessie was chasing a white butterfly.

Doyle Philipson had, many days back, come to the solution of one grave question; but, not being a rich man, and being honorable to what some folks might call an extreme degree, he had commanded himself to hide the love he had for Meta Qualtrough. Nay, he it was who had hastened the departure from the island because, seeing Meta day after day, he could not keep eye and tongue in cool obedience.

And the sweet, lazy hours of evening had come, and Meta had chanced to be aloof, and the others had chanced to drift into the company of each other—who talks of chance?

The would-be matter of fact young artist was mastered. He told his story, and all his wise commands were scattered to the winds.

What they two said only the night heard. It was an old story made new, and there is always a golden originality about the telling of these old-new stories.

Meta and Doyle were coming down from the "lookout," the rest were in a group.

"It is arrant nonsense, for you to drive into Douglas at such an hour." So spoke Willie Qualtrough, the girl's cousin. He and Kate often squabbled, cousins do do so.

"Thanks," she pouted. "But I'll judge best for myself. I have shopping, and the shops are fresh in the morning."

"That are they. And the shopmen are sleepy."

"You shall wake them up for me,"—she was persistent. "Oh! Willie!"

The cry had actually trembling in it.

Kate made a little start and again a second start, or rather droop, backward to Willie's side.

"Eh! that's done!" Willie was a masterful cousin; he made no ado, but drew Kate's hand within his arm. "He told me he shouldn't do it till next year, when he's coming again—"

"Oh! Willie!" Kate's vocabulary was growing stunted.

"And now that's—all—moonshine. Do you mean you never saw it."

"Dear—how could I?" She was clinging to Willie in a way that her cousin unmistakably approved.

Before another Midsummer day came round there were two Miss Qualtroughs the less at Brae Hill.

Doyle Philipson does not, so much as heretofore, parade his matter in fact, and he is going to make his Academy fame, so he says, by a picture which shall have fairy worship for its motive. There is going next year a marvel of a Saxon maiden, a golden-haired Saxon maiden, by a rocky shore, wearing a golden-hued marigold. The critics say it is beautiful.

It is Meta.

Ancient and Modern Bridges.

The first bridges ever constructed were of wood, and the earliest of which we have any account were built in Rome about 500 B. C. The bridge of Xerxes, built of boats, across the Hellespont, was a very ancient piece of civil engineering. The next in Roman history was erected by Julius Cæsar for the passage of his army across the Rhine. Trajan's great bridge across the Danube, 4,700 feet long, was made of timber with stone piers. The Romans also built the first stone bridge which crossed the Tiber. Suspension bridges are of remote origin. A Chinese bridge of this nature, mentioned in ancient chronicles, was made of chains supporting a roadway 830 feet in length. It was built A. D. 65, and is still to be seen. China has the longest stone bridge in the world, but India has the longest wooden one—over five miles. The first large iron bridge was erected over the Severn in 1777. There is a trestle bridge across Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana, which is by far the longest in the world! The suspension bridge at Niagara Falls has a span 800 feet, and the great New York and Brooklyn bridge is over 1,500 feet long. The age of railways has brought a remarkable development in this line, especially in the construction of bridges of iron and steel, the most important being the Forth cantilever bridge and the bridge on the same principle over the Indus at Sukkur.

The Papabotte of Louisiana.

The papabotte is a bird which makes its appearance in southern Louisiana about May, and abounds until September. It seems to belong to the plover family, though the resemblance is not complete at all points. However, it is a bird about the size of a woodcock with grayish plumage and a bill short and hard, which makes its appearance about the time the Cantharis vesicatoria (Spanish fly) begins to depredate upon the vegetable gardens. These flies destroy the foliage of the potato and the tomato, and other vegetables. They appear in countless myriads, coming no one knows whence, and going no one knows where, but leaving behind them a terrible record of devastation. On these insects the papabotte preys with immeasurable voracity, and grows so fat that when it falls before the gun of the sportsmen it bursts like a ripe apricot. The papabotte is wonderfully shy of sportsmen, but will allow a quadruped or a vehicle to come very near, and he who rides or drives may thus choose his own time and opportunity.

HAIR AND MOLES.

Why the Coiffure Should Be Arranged According to the Shape of the Nose.

"Some freak of nature, I suppose, causes superfluous hair," said Dr. Henri Leonard. "I can not exactly tell what. Hair can grow on all parts of the surface of the body excepting the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet; but it is not frequently seen excepting on the parts where one usually expects to see it, and if a tuft of it is found growing in an unusual place it is called a disfigurement, and one finds some way of removing it. A great many apply to me. My method is electrolysis, or by means of a battery, which carries an electric current into the hair follicles, burning it out. I have taken out a thousand hairs from one society lady. Mole hairs are treated very successfully in this way, fifty per cent. being permanently destroyed with one current, and a second current destroys those left the first time."

"Does it hurt?"

"Not much. The flesh is sore for a day or two like a little burn, but it seldom troubles one more than a few minutes. This method was discovered by Dr. Piffard, of New York. He uses a milder current than I, but the patients say mine burns no more. It is something, however, I do not care especially to practice. I studied up hair, 'its uses and abuses,' and that brought me considerable correspondence from all over the world. I do not like the business; it tries my eyes and is a drain on my nervous system. Still, I remove a great deal.

"There are two kinds of hair—a soft down on the lower lobes of the ears that is difficult to remove. The coarser hair which grows on the ear can be easily destroyed."

"How about the hair on ladies' upper lips?"

"They usually shave that off or use a French powder. Of course that has to be often repeated. Sometimes it is clipped, but that renders the next growth harsh. I have heard of belles singing the hair off their arms over a wax candle, but that was in the era of short sleeves and before these French powders were invented. But while young ladies may like the hair taken out of a mole on the neck or face they are very particular that the mole itself shall be left."

"Why so?"

"O, there's more or less fortune in moles. One on the neck brings riches; on the face nearly all the blessings flesh is heir to, besides making a white complexion still whiter by contrast. I heard a young lady say the other day a mole she had on her arm had brought her heaps of luck. It is 'right on the line of life,' she said, and the nurse who saw it first predicted it would bring 'long life, riches, happiness, and, better than all, a good husband.' Yes, moles are treasures. I sometimes have applications to put them on, but never to take them off."

"Do you think baldness increases?"

"I can not say that it does. If people would live more out of doors, or if they kept their heads uncovered, they would be less likely to get bald. The reason fewer ladies are bald is that they let the air on the roots of the hair. Hot rooms are death to hair germs. Then disturbances within the nervous system frequently affect the hair. Depression of spirits helps to make one bald."

"Are people bald at an earlier age than formerly?"

"It is a hereditary rule that if the father is bald at thirty the son may expect to be at twenty-eight. When a man begins to grow a beard there is fifty per cent. drain on his blood, and if the system is allowed to run down the hair feels it in proportion to the other parts of the body, and the hair on top of the head grows thin and perhaps comes off. A large growth of hair certainly runs in families and often through all the branches."

"Is long, heavy hair injurious?"

"Ladies often complain that it brings on headache, or that their strength goes to their hair, and it is certainly inconvenient often to dress fashionably very long, heavy hair, but I think people are guided more by style than comfort. If cutting the hair short is style, ladies and girls will follow it, even to the sacrifice of beautiful tresses. If large coiffures are the fashion, women will carry a bushel of false hair on their heads whether it suits their style of features or not. In 1777 the English and French women wore a mountain of hair, plumes or feathers and chains of beads hanging about their huge coiffure, on the top or which were worn models of coaches and horses blown in glass. In 1780 the Queen of France having lost her hair by illness, the ladies cut off all their locks and adopted a new coiffure called a l'enfant, and which brought out many satirical couplets.

"In the dressing of the hair the shape of the nose should be considered as is the figure in selecting a becoming pattern. If the nose is large the hair may be dressed rather massive, or else the large nose will make the head look small and out of proportion. With a Greek nose one may venture on a classic knot but with the many varieties of American noses, the childish shapes of some, and the 'tip tilted' form of others the present infantine bangs, or short, fluffy curls, are especially becoming. I don't know what the next season may bring."

What a Man Eats in a Lifetime.

There is a man in Pittsburg who has been estimating the cost of living to a man eighty years old. He says: "In the past seventy-five years I have partaken of 82,125 meals, consumed 61,595 pounds of solid food, drank 51,100 cups of tea and 18,250 cups of coffee. I have not lived extravagantly, and my meals have cost me on an average eight cents each. Therefore, the 82,125 meals have cost me $6,580." The cost of his clothing makes up for the remainder of the $8,000.

Recent German researches show that the purification of natural waters is effected almost wholly by plant and animal agencies, the chemical action of oxygen of ozone, peroxide of hydrogen and atmospheric oxygen exerting but a feeble influence.

THE ITALIAN CAFE.

A Great Centre of Attraction for the City People.

The cafe is a great centre of attraction for the average city-bred Italian. Like the Parisian, he patronizes such an establishment for business purposes during the day and in the evening for his pleasure. Here he discusses the probable consequences of a rise or fall in prices, or plays at dominoes with equal zest and interest; here he perpetrates his periodical jokes, champions his favorite deputy, and lands to the skies the worth and talents of the tenor or ballet girl who may have caught his fancy. The cafe is, after dinner, the chief resort of amateur musicians, who come to listen to the orchestra; and of newly married couples, who dream over the pleasant souvenirs of the honeymoon—lulled to sweet repose, as some poet has it, "on the lap of harmony." Cafes are also the rendezvous for clubs of ten or twenty sprucely-attired wits, each of whom is, generally speaking, an aspiring senator or prime minister. These folks enjoy themselves in their own peculiar fashion. The master of the drinking feast, or chairman, opens the ball by reciting a line from Dante or Petrarch, and each of the company in turn must improvise a line of a like number of feet to rhyme with it. The one or two convivialists who fail to be up to the mark on the occasion must "tip up" for the entire drink consumed during this pseudo-literary tournament. After the impromptu verses are disposed of, rebuses, charades, and acrostics go the round of the table, puns are given and exchanged, wags break humorous lances with wags, compliments are bandied about, while everything serious is as carefully avoided as if it were so much gall or arsenic.

These tomfoolery suit the character of this gay *insouciant* people. Was it not one of their countrymen, Horace, who said that it was delightful to play the part of a clown betimes? The roystering Italians are, in a sense, somewhat like those Edinburgh renewists of old, whose proud boast was that they cultivated literature on a very small amount of oatmeal. Italian wit and humor do not require any intoxicating stimulants to give them the rarest and spiciest of flavors. The *noctes coenaeque deum* of Frazer, under whose hospitable board, Carlyle and Thackeray and Maclise and O'Mahony crossed legs, were washed down with draughts of fizzling champagne, and were characterized with all the gay rollicking fanfaronade of jokes and satire, bantering fun and badinage which are usually evoked by Bachchanalian orgies; but the Italian Frazers keep too firm a grip of their purse to be tempted into paying a louis for a champagne-bottle when they can pour forth their witty grape-shot without having recourse to such an auxiliary. Here in the swell cafes they usually indulge in lemonade, or in a mixture of bitter-vermouth seltz. A decoction of Alpine herbs is also very much in fashion, and the ordinary red wine of Piedmont and Barolo forms the staple drinks for dejeuner and dinner. Brandy in Lombardy is of such a wretched character that it actually goes down ones throat like so much vitriol, while the beer is stale, flat and unprofitable. Strong alcoholic drinks are very much at a discount, and are consequently very vile commodities indeed—to be palmed off only on the British or American tourist who is foolish enough to call for them.

The Thinnest Man.

Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was in England in 1825, was such an extraordinary personage that during the time he was exhibited at the Chinese Saloon, in Pall Mall, no fewer than 70,000 persons visited him in a few weeks. Seurat was born in 1797, and was therefore, 28 years of age when he made his appearance.

Sir Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the throng who poured into the building in which Seurat received those who were anxious to see him, and wrote: Seurat is, without doubt, the most mysterious being I have encountered. His face is that of an ordinary man, somewhat emaciated; perhaps, but not remarkably so. His eyes are bright and his voice pleasing. Seen in the ordinary costume of the day he in no way differs from the average foreigner. But stripped of his padded clothing he presents an astounding spectacle. His arms are mere bones covered by parchment-like skin, and muscles or flesh he appears to have none. He is, therefore, scarcely able to move his arms and legs, and walks, though without apparent effort, with extreme difficulty. On measuring him and weighing him, I found that his chest measurement was thirty and three-quarter inches, which is fair; that his height was five feet six inches, but that his weight was not more than forty-five pounds, the bones being much smaller than those of an ordinary man of his stature who might weigh 150 pounds. In appearance, indeed, he so much resembles a skeleton that a short sighted person might easily mistake him for one." Seurat's food consisted of two or three ounces of bread and meat daily, and sometimes he took a little wine. He was remarkably intelligent and well read, and picked up English rapidly. On arriving at places where he was not known, he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes, and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of ten years he resembled any ordinary boy, but that he suddenly wasted away. He died in 1849, aged 52 years.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but it strikes with the hand of iron.

—A great many new dresses have simply plaited skirts, but there are not a few the upper skirts of which are draped; the plaits generally go across the front from right to left; at the back they fall loose from the waist. As the weather grows colder, instead of the bodice opening over a plastron it will be made high and the plastron fastened over it, and will be often made of striped or brocaded silk over a cloth or cashmere dress. The underskirt need not be of the same material as the plastron.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Elijah Cook's Terrible Experience Given for the Benefit of Others—Living Witnesses.

The following graphic description will be read with interest by all:

"DEAR SIR—Any one who has ever felt a faintness at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, nervousness, sleeplessness, dull headaches or strange pains through the back can understand the condition I was in two years ago. I thought I could readily throw these things off, but they kept returning. Consequently I grew worse every day until last spring when I sent for a physician.

He said I had a fever. I told him what condition I was in with my water. At first he paid no attention to it, but finally said he would take some of my urine home and analyze it.

The next day he came and said there was some difficulty with my kidneys. My sickness continued until my urine was a sight to behold.

Another physician was called. He pronounced it Bright's disease of the kidneys, and said there was no cure for it. He did all he could, but to no effect. I then tried every remedy I could hear of. THE PAIN WAS SO SEVERE THAT IT SEEMED I MUST DIE. I saw a newspaper advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and sent eight miles to get the medicine. When I had used one bottle, it cleared my water so there was no sediment in the bottom of the vessel. I continued taking the medicine and kept gaining. I have taken eight bottles in all and consider myself to-day as well as ever, and can now do as much labor as any man of my age. While talking with our druggist a few days ago about my case, he said he was selling a great deal of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and that he had never sold a Medicine that gave as much satisfaction.

Oh! I often think how much suffering I might have avoided, both night and day, if I had only taken your medicines when I first felt my kidney troubles coming on. Yours with respect,

(Signed) ELIJAH COOK.

P. S.—This will be of great benefit to others, and you may publish it. You need not take my word alone, for I can give you the following references:

Simeon Lipe, H. Clapper, R. S. Taber, C. O. Pierce, H. J. Warner, D. D. Pickett, All of Charlottville, Schoharie Co., N. Y."

The above testimony is only a fair illustration of letters received daily showing the wonderful results attending the use of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00—6 bottles, $5. If your druggist does not sell it send to Dr. Kilmer & Co.,

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

ENSILAGE is said to be excellent for sheep in winter, merino sheep having been wintered on it with advantage the wool being heavy and the sheep keeping good health.

THE currant worm should be destroyed while small with dust of hellebore or pyrethrum. The latter being perfectly harmless, is to be more highly recommended.

PROFESSOR SHALER says there 50,000 square miles of territory east of the Mississippi now covered by swamps which might easily be drained and turned into fertile lands.

A SOLUTION of boracic acid is excellent for fowls affected with sore head or eyes. It should be applied warm, using a soft sponge, and marking the head eyes and nostrils well with it.

THE sow that has a litter of pigs requires plenty of water. Her food should be sloppy but pure water should be provided also. She should also have a mess of grass or cut hay, steamed, with shorts (middlings) twice a day. Only a small allowance of corn meal is necessary.

A New Wonder

is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.

It is one characteristic of genius to do great things with little things.

"More than all other Lung Remedies," is what E. W. Fairman, druggist, Dayton, Ind., writes of Allen's Lung Balsam. He has sold it for eight years, and it gives satisfaction in all cases. 25c., 50c. & $1 per bottle. Druggists.

The sowing of rye for fall and spring pasture for sheep is a profitable policy.

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs.

There are more than 10,000 deaf mutes in Spain.

Nothing like Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch S., Philada. $1. Druggists. Try it.

A society for the study of anthropology has been founded at Bombay.

Early piety has often been charged with producing baldness. Carboline the great petroleum Hair renewer will restore the hair no matter what removed it. Try it,

---

A green rose is one of the newest productions of botanical science.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

A pinch of snuff large enough to produce a good sneeze will cure hiccough.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The mortality in the vicinity of the Chicago slaughter house is 21 per 1000 per annum.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

FARM NOTES.

POTASH AND BONE FOR PEACH TREES.—The most successful peach-growers in the Middle States are those who use potash liberally as a fertilizer. In his late report on peach orchards to the New Jersey Experiment Station Mr. J. M. White remarks that the healthiest and longest lived orchards in that State "are those which have been fertilized with potash and phosphoric acid. Among other orchards he describes that of J. S. Quinba, of Chester, who has 4000 trees in bearing, six to ten years old. He applies 500 pounds of bone to the acre, and as much ashes as he can secure. The fruit is abundant and of good quality. If disease appears every affected tree is removed and destroyed at once, and no instrument used on a diseased tree is used on a healthy one until thoroughly cleansed. S. H. Wartman cultivates his 7000 bearing trees twice in a season. The past season he had 3600 baskets of peaches. Dr. H. Race, of Pittstown gathered 5100 baskets of peaches from 3000 trees. He used superphosahate and potash. J. L. Nixon, of Quakertown, sold 9000 baskets from his 12,000 trees the past season for $9045; he cultivates well and applies barn manure and wood ashes." Peach growers in this State who applied wood ashes liberally to their orchards have succeeded in raising good crops of fruit when the orchards of their neighbors who used no ashes were barren.

THE depth of drains and their distance apart should be regulated by reference to the thickness and order of the substrata, no less than by the character or texture of the supersoil. If the upper bed is retentive, and of such depth that the drains cannot be cut completely through it, the best system to adopt will be shallow drains at close intervals; and on the contrary, a pervious material should have deeper drains at wider intervals. If a comparatively thin bed of clay rests upon a porous substratum, the drains should be cut into the latter or through it according to its depth; and they must not be too far apart.

WHEN lice get into the poultry house disease follows. The hen will not lay and the chicks will gradually droop and die. The *Poultry Keeper* (Parkersburg, Pa.,) says the best remedy is to use hot whitewash, sprinkling it freely on the walls and floor with a watering pot, first adding a teaspoonful of carbolic acid to each bucket of whitewash. Repeat weekly until the lice leave. Put kerosene oil on the roosts and blow insect powder in every crack and crevice. Thoroughly clean out the house, spade up the yards and see that the fowls have a dust bath. Sprinkle insect powder in the feathers of the fowls if necessary.

GOOD oats, peas and wheat are a better feed for fowls during moulting than corn as they contain more of the elements needed for the production of feathers. Again oats are a splendid food for keeping up the animal vigor.

ANAKESIS.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere—Price, $1.00 per box, FREE-PAID, by mail Samples sent FREE by P. NEUSTAEDTER & Co., No. 93 Mercer St. New York, Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List

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Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

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YOURS for HEALTH LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

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For ALL of those Painful, Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers and Daughters.

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IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

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His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It tells of sights unseen. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freights. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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Machinery for Wells of any depth, from 50 to 3,000 feet, for Water, Oil or Gas. Our Mounted Steam Drilling and Portable Horse Power Machines set to work in 30 minutes. Guaranteed to drill faster and with less power than any other. Specially adapted to drilling Wells in earth or rock 20 to 1,000 feet. Farmers and others are making $25 to $40 per day with our machinery and tools. Splendid business for Winter or Summer. We are the oldest and largest Manufacturers in the business. Send 4 cents in Stamps for illustrated Catalogue H. Address, Pierce Well Excavator Co., New York.

FACETIÆ.

HE was wiping away his tears with a dirty fist in the Postoffice alley when one of the letter-carriers asked what ailed him.

"My bruther Jim got kicked," was the reply.

"Can you show me the man?"

"It wasn't any man at all, but a horse."

"Oh, I see. Where was he kicked?"

"In the head."

"Well, I wouldn't cry over it; he'll probably get well."

"Y-yes, and if he does I don't get his new hat and Sunday clothes!"

AN auctioneer was trying to sell a horse on Michigan Grand avenue yesterday, and after the animal had been duly inspected the crowd was asked to start the bidding.

"Fifteen cents called out an old woman with some lettuce in a basket.

"Humph, you'd better go home!" sneered the auctioneer.

"Say!" said the woman to a man at her elbow, "that's just the way it always turns out! I never try to oblige any one without getting the worst of it. I might have made it twenty cents, but I've got to buy meat for dinner."

"HERE is something I just dashed off, and my friends are so delighted with it that at their earnest request I brought it to you. They are all subscribers to your paper." And he slid contentedly into a chair just vacated by an exchange fiend.

"Do you write much of this sort of stuff?" inquired the editor.

"You wish to know, I suppose, if I often ascend into the realms of poesy? Yes, very often, and all my poems are highly praised by my friends. They call me the American Keats."

"Ah! I sincerely hope you will emulate his example."

"Oh, thank you."

"Yes, Keats died young."

ANXIOUS MOTHER—"What is the matter with my daughter, doctor? She is not light-hearted and happy, as she used to be, but has grown melancholy and has a pained, anxious look."

Doctor—"How old is she?"

"Well, she—she don't look it, you know—she is 29."

"Ah! There is nothing the matter except nervousness."

"Why, doctor, she is not of a nervous temperament at all. Quite the contrars. What makes her nervous?"

"The future."

MRS. FARMER JOHN—"Oh, I am so sick and tired of this humdrum existence. I wish I had been born in Italy instead of in this practical workaday country."

Traveled Guest—"And why in Italy, Mrs. John?"

"Oh, I don't know, only Italy is the home of art, you know. I suppose even the country women there all have opportunities to gratify their artistic instincts. They sing or paint or draw, don't they?"

"I have seen a good many of them drawing."

"How nice! What do they draw principally?"

"Plows!"

FATHER—"My dear, I am very much surprised at your receiving the attentions of that young man Jinks; he hasn't the least bit of education, and is a most illiterate fellow."

That is so, father, but he possesses the greatest of all modern accomplishments, and I am the envy of all the girls in town on account of his preference for my company."

Father—"What is this great modern accomplishment?"

Daughter—"He is such a splendid roller-skater."

MAGISTRATE—"Confesses he stole the pie, does he? Did he eat it?"

Sergeant (for prisoner)—"Yes, he says he did."

"I will give him six months."

"But, your honor, six months is more than the law——"

"I would have you understand, sir, that I have made the term six months out of kindness to him."

"Kindness, your honor?"

"Yes, it will take that long for him to recover his digestion."

IT'S these surly dogs that catch the first nip.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

One bad example spoils many good precepts.

Why Will You Die?

SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP for the cure of Scrofulous Taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Goitre, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, endorsing SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the above diseases.

If there never were any clouds, we could not enjoy the sunshine.

Stop that Cough that tickling in the throat! Stop that Consumptive Condition! You can be cured! You can't afford to wait! Dr. Kilmer's Cough Cure (*Consumption Oil*) will do it quickly and permanently. 25 cents.

He who employs not his time profitably, will one day come to want.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

There is never but one opportunity of a kind.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

DICK (glancing up from a paper)—"The Boston *Journal* is becoming quite paternal. Here is an excellent editorial entitled 'Young Men, Make Friends of the Girls.'"

Tom—"That paper has evidently been through the mill itself and knows this is just the season for that advice to be timely."

Dick—"Why this time of year more than any other?"

Tom (fondling a very flat pocketbook)—"It is a little too late for sleigh rides, and a little too early for icecream."

A uniform and natural result is produced by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

For a slight cold, a hacking cough or lung troubles, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A Frenchman has found that by placing a few drops of glycerine and water into the corners of the eyes of of dead persons their life-like appearance is restored.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food.

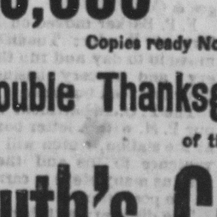
MR. CHAS. THOMAS, Editor of *Herald*, Chambersburg, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia. It increased my appetite and removed the trouble."

MR. J. E. JEFFERS, Photographer, 168 Main St., Norfolk, Va., says: "I suffered greatly from a severe case of Dyspepsia—and derived no benefit from various treatments. I used Brown's Iron Bitters, and my health was fully restored."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ELY'S Cream Balm CATARRH

We have never handled a catarrh remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales as Ely's Cream Balm or that has given such universal satisfaction. — C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., New York City.



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN COUGH CURE CONSUMPTION OIL.

Every ingredient is from Vegetable products that grew in sight of every sufferer. IT has no Morphine, Opium or injurious Drugs.

In Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, colds settle in the Mucous Membranes Nose, Throat, Bronchal Tubes, Air-cells and Lung Tissues, causing Cough.

What Diseases Invade the Lungs?

Scrofula, Catarrh-poisons, Micro-organisms, Humors, and Blood Impurities.

What are the Primary Causes?

Colds, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Congestion, Inflammation, Catarrh or Hay-Fever, Asthma, Pneumonia, Malaria, Measles, Whooping Cough and Croup.

RELIEVES QUICKLY-CURES PERMANENTLY

It will stop that Coughing, Tickling in Throat, Dry-hacking and Catarrh-dropping. Is your Expectoration or Sputa *Frothy, Blood-Stained, Catarrhal, Pus (Matter), Yellowish, Canker-like, Phlegm, Tubercular, Muco-purulent?* It prevents Decline, Night-Sweats, Hectic-Fever, and Death from Consumption. 25c, 50c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., "Invalids' Guide to Health" (Sent Free). SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WANTED GOOD MAN energetic worker; business in his section. Salary $70. References. Am. Manufacturing House 18 Barclay st. N. Y.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD! CURES ALL PAINS Internal or External. 50c a Bottle. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!

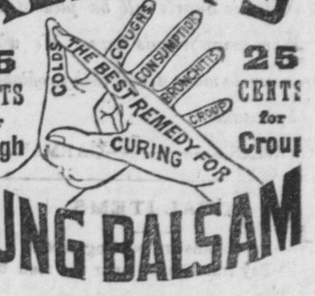
DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

A positive cure for Scrofula and all Blood and Skin Diseases. One Dollar per Bottle.

RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



25 CENTS for Cough 25 CENTS for Croup

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Cough or Croup REMEDY.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

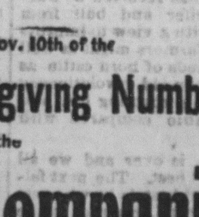
It Contains no Opium in Any Form.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in Three Size Bottles. Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents and $1 Per Bottle. The 25-Cent Bottles are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a Cough or Croup Remedy. Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large $1 bottles.

Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 per Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

NO LADY IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL Without a Clear, White Complexion.



This Great American Lotion for Beautifying the Complexion and Healing the Skin

To a large extent conceals the evidence of age. A few applications will make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and white. It is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and by so doing create disease of the skin, such as Pimples, etc., but is a perfectly clear liquid: a valuable discovery that causes the cheek to glow with health, and rival the lily in whiteness. It is impossible to detect in the beauty it confers. It cures Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, Face Grubs, Black Heads, Blotches, Sunburn, Chapped Hands and Face, Barber's Itch, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes of the skin from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes containing sediment, while it beautifies the skin, giving it that healthy, natural and youthful appearance which it is impossible to obtain by any other means. It is conceded by connoisseurs in the art to be the best and safest beautifier the world ever produced.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Send for Circulars, with Testimonials and Beautiful Picture, free.

W. M. SCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HARTSHORN'S Shade Rollers THE BEST NOTICE NAME ON ROLLER BEWARE IMITATIONS

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD

Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

400,000

Copies ready Nov. 10th of the

Double Thanksgiving Number of the

Youth's Companion

Elegantly Illustrated.

Mailed to any address for Ten Cents.

Free to Jan. 1. New Subscriptions sent at once, with $1.75, will include the COMPANION FREE from the time the subscription is received to Jan. 1, 1887, and a full year from that date. This offer includes the Thanksgiving and Christmas Double Numbers.

Please mention this Paper.

Address PERRY MASON & CO., 45 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 17, 1886.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Important!

We have one line of invissable check in Dress Goods entirely new, that are admired by every body, in fact our whole stock is spoken of in the highest terms. IN PRICES WE DEFY ANY ONE TO BEAT US! We don't buy goods JUST BECAUSE IT IS CHEAP, but IT MUST HAVE STYLE and GOOD QUALITIES COMBINED, or we pass it. Our line of goods for MOURNING WEAR exceeds any thing in town. ALL THE NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS. *Miss Annie Swartz will be pleased to meet her many friends here. We will endeavor to make a call both profitable and pleasant.*

GARMAN'S.————GARMAN'S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Politicians are cooling down.

——Pay train passed over the road on Tuesday.

——They say Boozer sells beef too fat to eat; go and see it.

——Judge Furst denies the report that he intends to resign.

——There has been quite a rush for coal the last few days.

——An infant son of Adam F. Harter, of Millheim, died several days ago.

——In some parts of this State enough snow fell last week for good sleighing.

——Hen. Boozer, of late, has killed the fatest beeves we have seen for some time.

——With six trains per day passing our station we begin to feel our importance.

——The time table was changed on Monday and Sheriff Spangler missed the train.

——We regret to learn that Mrs. Joseph Crotzer is seriously ill of typhoid fever.

——Col. Jim Coburn might just as well have had Patton's luck—had he only known it.

——A new combination lock safe was put in the station recently. The receipts must be increasing.

——The portrait of Hon. Leonard Rhone, Master of the State Grange, appeared in the Philadelphia Times last week.

——Mr. Bartholomew has improved the appearance of his dwelling by the addition of a handsome iron railing to the top of his portico.

——Mr. Frank Bradford, the assistant station agent at this place, has been looking after the business of the Oak Hall station the last two weeks.

——Wilbur, a son of Wes. Henny, on Church street, has been sick for over a week with diphtheria. It is the only case we know of in the valley.

——The Good Templars contemplate holding a festival in their hall, over Harper & Kreamer's store, on Friday and Saturday evenings, December 24 and 25.

——Some one has made a suggestion that we bore for gas here. There is nothing easier than to bore for gas if you have the stamps. The striking of gas is another thing.

——Mr. H. P. Sankey, of Potters Mills, stopped in to see us one day last week. His mother, who lives with him and is quite an old lady, has been sick for some time and at present is in a precarious condition.

——The Lutheran and the Reformed Sabbath schools of Centre Hall, are making preparations for Christmas entertainments. There will be a rich treat, no doubt, as Centre Hall schools always get up good entertainments.

——B. H Arney has received a Durham short horn heifer and bull from Ohio, pure stock, with a view to improving his stock. Our farmers might as well have the higher breeds of horn cattle as not, and get rid of the old revolutionary stock of bones so long roaming hill and dale, is unprofitable compared with the better breeds.

——The election is over and we all know who came out best. The next fellow sure to come out best is he who gets his clothing for the coming winter at the Philadelphia Branch; it is the place to save from $5 to $10 on a suit. For an overcoat go to Lewins, he almost gives 'em away, and warrants the goods.

——Will Snyder, of whose illness we mentioned in our last issue, died on last Wednesday evening, 10, at his father's, near Potter's Mills. His residence was at Spring Mills, where Mrs. Snyder is also sick of typhoid fever. Mr. Snyder was a very estimable young man and his early demise will be deeply regretted by all who knew him.

——On Monday a new schedule went in force for trains on the different lines of railroad. On the Lewisburg and Tyrone there will be no more mixed trains; separate trains will be run for passenger and freight traffic. This will be an acceptable change to all passengers, and insure speed in travel over this line with close connections for all trains on the main lines at Montandon and Tyrone. The evening train for Bellefonte will be about 30 minutes earlier. Supt. Westfall will have the thanks of our people for these changes.

A GROWL FROM THE BOHEMIAN OATS PATCH.

(From the Gazette, organ of the Window Smasherand Kicker.)

What has Freddy to crow over? Is there a Jim Burns in Centre Hall? Was there a farm in this campaign? Or did the court house ring promise him all the printing provided Schaeffer was elected? Is it because the "kickers" played their hand well and revealed to Freddy his smallness and unfitness of his ring organ for any valuable purpose? You may perhaps think that Freddy, with a newspaper at his command, would have some influence with men. If so, what sort of men does he influence? I believe he has one or two men he can influence to a certain extent. Two years ago he sent one down through Brush Valley to fight Leonard Rhone and one he stationed in the Loop for the same purpose. Although this cannot be proven, yet anyone acquainted with Freddy and his two lieutenants will believe nothing else. What did it amount to? Nothing. Well, how was it this year? Why, Freddy's "puppets" were at work again fighting Rhone. Were they kickers? A KICKER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 8.

The nineteenth line contains all the fun in the above.

——Work is going right along for the Millheim knitting factory. A friend at our elbow who always takes a hand in enterprises, says there is quite a difference between the citizens of Millheim and Centre Hall as touching improvements. At Millheim, he says, when any improvements are proposed all its citizens join in and give all possible encouragement, and the result is that altho it has the disadvantage of being 2½ miles from the railroad, yet the town is growing. At Centre Hall, our friend says, when any party undertakes any thing, you invariably find certain ones throwing all possible obstacles in the way, by making misrepresentations and secretly stirring up quarrels—they help no enterprizes and meddle when others do, anything undertaken has to be fought through difficulties bred by an ugly, jealous disposition. This is only too sadly the truth, yet, unpleasant as it is, our town is growing pretty fairly in spite of this opposition, but might our town not move on faster if this ugliness were not in it? Every one is interested in the prosperity of his neighbor, but some do not wish to have any prosper but themselves and these are the curse of any community.

——Thousands of dollars from this county go into the money drawers of city merchants every year, when more than the half of it might be as well spent at home, and given to our own merchants who would use their profits to enlarge their store-rooms, and build up the town. Some persons send away from home to buy goods, without thinking of the effect it has upon our own community. They do so because they think they get what they want cheaper and better, and while this may be true in some cases, yet it will not hold good in all cases. Sometimes they find themselves badly fooled and imposed upon, simply because they did not give their home business men a chance. Some, however, will buy in the city because they think it looks big and sounds bigger, to say they got their goods in the city. Always patronize home first.

——We again urge upon our Brushvalley friends the importance of working up the advantages of their route for the projected Milton and Bellefonte railroad. We believe the Brushvalley Narrows to be the shortest and most direct route. Then it is a vast lumber district which would furnish all the lumber the road could carry for years, in manufactured stuff and prop timber. Let the citizens of Miles be alive to their interests, and like we of this valley, hang to it until they accomplish their object. Brushvalley, by all means, should have this railroad.

——Are you thinking of having a fine suit made? If you are, you certainly want a good fit, which above all is the most important. Fleming & Co., of Bellefonte are considered the leading and most fashionable tailors in the county. They have as cutter, Mr. Jackson, formerly of the Bee Hive stores and known to most of our readers and is considered a first class workman in every respect. Give this firm a trial. They offer special inducements to Pennsvalley trade.

COBURN.

Election is over and Schaeffer made it in spite of all their hellabaiewing, and as some made their brags that they could control 40 or 50 votes for Boal, Boal only gained 7 votes and several of those votes he got by having his name on the Democratic ticket and not noticed by the voter.

S. R. Gettig moved to Spring Mills and a Mr. Ranch moved in the house he vacated and will work for Grenoble, Bartges & Co.

F. P. Barker moved on Monday to his farm at Fowler; Thomas Meyer will move in to day and run the confectionery and grocery business, also the flour and feed business.

The P. O. Department has furnished our P. M. with a letter box to be put up at the station, which will be a great convenience to us and the public, and save us many steps in carrying our mail to the post office.

The distillery at this place will commence operations on Thursday, and by Thursday night they can drink their own whiskey. No doubt there are lots of customers waiting. Time will tell. I am of the opinion that the distillery is a curse to Coburn.

Last week a party was out deer hunting and came home on Saturday with a nice doe, and report having a very unpleasant time owing to bad weather and poor shanty, and that some infernal rascal has burnt the best woods and report deer not very plenty; our party have killed five, three of them in one week.

Ellie Campbell was home over Sunday visiting her parents.

The Railroad Company has added another freight train; now we will have a through freight every day, which makes it more convenient for our shippers and the traveling public in general, as there will not be as many mixed trains and not take as long to make their trip.

Felix Breninghouse and wife have moved in their new house and no doubt feel at home. C. K.

——The Penn Hall and Gregg township hunting party, which went to the Clearfield woods for deer on Monday of last week, returned again, Thursday following, not having done more than a day's hunting, and no deer. It seems the party happened to get where deer use't to "was in the sweet bye-and-bye." After the Nimrods passed through here, on the way out, we had editorial visions of saddles of venison and piles of deer—but we find ourselves as sadly disappointed as the hunters. We hope our Penn Hall friends will strike venison in abundance next time, and make up for last week's disappointment.

——The Mifflinburg Telegraph, says last Friday afternoon the barn of Mr. Uriah Berger, about one mile east of Centreville, was destroyed by fire, including all the contents, consisting of grain of different kinds, farming implements, two calves, fifty chickens, &c. In removing the horses, which were saved, several gentlemen were somewhat burned. Loss about $2300. Insured for $1500. Supposed to have been caused by a little boy who was trying to light a cigar among some straw at the barn. Contents of barn was owned by Mr. Lephenus Walter, the tenant.

——Mr. Luther Musser of Penn Hall, was in town one evening of last week, with horse and buggy which he tied at a post on Main street. Some time later in the evening when he was about to start for home, he discovered that some villain had stolen his whip and a new robe, which he had purchased that day. It was a cold blustering night and was compelled to go without any covering. No clue has been detected which would point to the discovery of the whereabouts of the thief or goods.

Since writing the above, we are told the young man in question, has no mean opinion of a fair young maiden of this place and was making one of his customary calls. There are several young fellows in town of the same opinion and believing that it is their duty to keep out all foreign influence, stole Mr. Musser's articles and returned them several days later as a warning to make his visits less frequent.

——Those of our readers who will attend Court in Bellefonte next week should not fail to visit McFarlanes hardware and stove store if in need of anything in their line. They are daily receiving new stoves of the latest styles. The finest and best square, single and double heaters and the best cook stoves are sold at low prices and warranted in every respect. Go and see them.

——Rev. W. H. Gotwald, on Sunday, 7, announced his resignation as pastor of the Milton Lutheran congregation, which he has served 14 years. The resignation came unexpected, and the congregation by a rising vote, with one exception, refused to accept the resignation and the members voted him 3 months extra salary as a mark of confidence. Rev. Gotwald is a native of Aaronsburg.

——Our neighborhood has been afflicted of late with a great deal of petty thieving. One man tells us he has had about fifty chickens taken, while others complain of such articles as corn and feed constantly disappearing. Mr. John Moore living near town, had a lot of harness stolen, and is anxious to make the acquaintance of the nocturnal visitor. A dose of shot is considered a very effective remedy.

——Gov. Beaver passed through here on last Friday morning's train. Next myoning Lieut. Gov. Davis elect, also passed through. Next we expect Cleveland or some other big elephant to be along here.

——There are living in Clearfield county, a man and his two sons who are married to three sisters, and, stranger still, the old man is married to the youngest sister. Some of the children dont know their uncles from their grandfather.

——See adv. of the New York *Observer* in another column. It has been one of our favorite weeklies for twenty years and is one of the best religious and secular journals in the United States.

——The prospectus of the Pittsburg *Post* will be found in another column. It is an old organ of the Democratic party, and the leading daily of Western Pennsylvania. It is ably edited and sound in its views on all questions. The Weekly *Post* will be found a most valuable paper for the family circle.

——Mr. John C. Wagner of near Tusseyville, will offer his stock, household goods, &c. at public sale, on Wednesday, Nov. 24. He also offers his homstead at private sale.

——A Democrat in speaking of the *Gazette* styled it as the SMUT MACHINE. Very appropriate.

——A board walk to the station would be greatly appreciated by the traveling community. Mr. J. O. Deininger has made a good offer to build one but was not accepted by the town council.

——It was Joe. W. Condo, not George, who was elected to the legislature, in Effingham county, Ill. By a slip of the pen we made it George in our last.

——The warehouse belonging to John Ross in Petersburg, Huntingdon co., was destroyed by fire on Thursday night, in addition to several hundred bushels of grain, Loss $3000. Insured for $1500.

——For a good warm overcoat, cheap, go to Lewin's headquarters for ready-made clothing.

——Our old friend, Charley Shreffler is back again to his old home. He has been up in the forests of Elk county for some time past.

——Lost—on Monday last, by a citizen of this town, in or about Wolf's store, $30, wrapped in a piece of paper. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at Reporter office.

——Quite a number of persons have inquired of us whether Prof. Bierley will raise a singing class at this place during the coming winter.

——Fresh oysters, raw, stewed, or by the quart at Boozer's, Nothing but the best brands and at reasonable prices.

——SQUIBS.—Jake From turned out the first sausages of the season, on 11, at ye editors. The Grenoble grain-house at the station has passed into the hands of Mr. Bartholomew. The grammar school under Prof. Mauger is progressing finely. The schools in charge of Misses Hanna and M'Elroy are also flourishing.

——When any one desires a stylish shoe Ed. Powers' is the place they always strike for, get a neat fit, goods warranted and save a day's wages on each pair, Only try it.

——We have just seen a letter from M. C. Henley, the wealthy and well-known manufacturer of the Monarch Fence Machine, of Richmond, Indiana, stating that owing to the severe illness of his attorney at Washington, D. C., they were unable to come here as intended last week to investigate reports made to him concerning statements made by certain parties affecting his agency business here, and stating that if he found sufficient grounds for same, would at once institute suit or suits for damages or other legal proceedings to protect his business.

Mr. Henley, when he comes, will also establish his agency here on a large scale, and Mr. Tooker, who was here recently in his interest, will probably make Centre Hall his headquarters.

——Messrs. Jerry Miller, Geo. Rowe, Yony From, Cal Moyer, and Theodore Schilling left on Monday morning for a two week's deer hunt in the Clearfield mountains with provisions, camping utensils and everything needed for such an expedition, and if they don't get several deer it will be because they are scarce.

——For the benefit of the "boys" we would mention that the National Baseball Association, composed of all the leading clubs and players in the U. S. is in session now at Chicago. By the way the Centre Hall club failed to send a representative.

——Centre Hall's improvements since January 1885, will foot up $75,000, which has been quite an item for our mechanics and laboring men.

——W. H. Harter, of Hartleton, has recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

TRIAL LIST OF NOVEMBER COURT

FIRST WEEK.

Geo, M. Reeser use of vs. Commonwealth Fire Ins. Co.
Wm. H. Humes vs. B. and B. R. R. R. Co.
Philip Keller vs. Geo. W. Ford, et al.
Matt. R. Adams vs. Valentines & Co.
J. R Lowrie, trustee, vs. James Cross.
Rachel Roop, et al vs. Harvey Benner.
Fred Bartley et ux vs. Thos. J. Dunkle.
Jno. T. Fowler vs. H. H. Kline.
Midland Minipg Co. vs. L. V. Coal Co.
Holt and Parker vs. Humes and Crider.
H. D. VanPelt vs. R. L. Pierce et al.
G. R. Boak & Co. vs. Hoover, Hughes & Co.
T. Conrow's adm's. vs. Benjamin Rich.
G. R. Boak & Co. vs. Hoover, Hughes & Co.

SECOND WEEK.

Adam Baum vs. Moyer Lyon.
Jonathan Reiter vs. Wm. Whitmer & Co.
Alfred Cromlein vs. Robert Whitehill et al.
Alexander G. Rohback vs. Jacob Dunkle.
Webner Butler vs. Thos. Butler.
W. L. Foster vs. I. J. Grenoble.
Frederick Schenck & Bro. vs. B. C. C. & S. W. R. R. Co.
J. W. Beck vs. Jeremiah Tressler.
Theodore Fetzer vs. W. T. Harper.
Harvey Peifer vs. Samuel Aley.
John Delaney vs. Hugh Ward.
T D Gowland vs W. R. Miller.
Lazarus Moyer vs John A. McOmber.
D. D. Wood vs S. R. Pringle.
Jas. A. Quigley vs Eliza D. Kunes.

LIST OF JURORS.

GRAND JURORS, FOURTH MONDAY, NOV.

George Peters, Millheim,
M L Rishel, Gregg,
John Wetzel, Spring,
Samuel Harter, Gregg,
Harrison Barr, Huston,
J H Mitchell, College,
Robert Musser, Gregg,
Henry Fiedler, Millheim,
Isaac Shimel, Rush,
A C Witherite, Milesburg,
Robert Wolf, Haines,
Samuel Lose, Miles,
B H Arney, Potter,
Andrew Harter, Penn,
John Nyman, Snow Shoe,
J H Lingle, Bellefonte,
George Copenhaver, Taylor,
James Stover, Miles,
James R Alexander, Spring,
Theo Boak, Burnside,
H B Pontius, Bellefonte,
C T Fryberger, Philipsburg,
W B Delong Liberty,

TRAVERSE JURORS, THIRD MONDAY, NOV.

Wm Yeager, Snow Shoe,
Jas B Williams, Worth,
Ira Packer, Howard borough,
J H Holt, Snow Shoe,
Jas Lingle, Boggs,
Geo W McGaffey, Philipsburg,
S Y Lucas, Snow Shoe,
Jas P Gleun, Snow Shoe,
Wm M Allison, Gregg,
W R Campbell, Milesburg,
Fred Heckman, Gregg,
Wm Wolf, Haines,
Samuel F Kline, Howard,
David Krape, Haines,
A C Hinton, Snow shoe,
John M Furey, Spring,
James Runkel, Potter,
T A Snyder, Liberty,
Blair Alexander, Union,
D M Clemson, Ferguson,
L G Dunkle, Howard,
Jacob Yarnell, Boggs,
H G Royer, Miles,
Wm Ishler, Benner,
Alfred Jones, Philipsburg,
Adam Hartswick, Haines,
A W Reese, Worth,
Wm Weaver, Gregg,
Henry Brown, Walker,
Geo L P Holter, Boggs,
Frank McCoy, Bellefonte,
Daniel Bartges, Gregg,
Jas I McClure, Bellefonte,
Joseph Schenck, Howard borough,
Isaac Sharra, Taylor,

TRAVERSE JURORS, FOURTH MONDAY.

Samuel Musser, Ferguson,
A L Holter, Howard borough,
Irwin Reber, " "
D L Zerby, Penn,
John Delaney, Boggs,
Benj Rich, Unionville,
John H Miller, Ferguson,
Frank Gowland, Rush,
Michael F Hess, Haines,
H L Harvey, Boggs,
Geo Cox, Spring,
Daniel Robb, Liberty,
A O Deininger, Millheim,
Wm Bilger, Spring,
Aaron Leitzell, Miles,
W T Speer, Bellefonte,
J G Heberling, Ferguson,
Samuel Gilliland, College,
Chas Beck, Walker,
W D Keller, Potter,
David Krebs, Ferguson,
W R Mattern, Huston,
Wm F Furst, Patton,
G D Pottsgrove, Philipsburg,
L B Stover, Miles,
Ed Allison, Potter,
Claud Cook, Snow Shoe,
John T Heckman, Gregg,
Wm Grove, Sr., College,
Levi Beck, Walker,
Henry R Fiedler, Miles,
Robert Mann, Curtin,
Jesse Sankey, Philipsburg,
David Harter, Marion,
J W Marshall, Benner,
G L Potter, Bellefonte,
Elias Seaffer, Miles,
Phillip Shook, Gregg,
Wm Foster, College,
Cyrus Durst, Haines,
Thad E Stover, Haines,
Wm Tressler, Patton,
G W Ocker, Potter,
H H Shoyer, Bellefonte,
John C Hoover, Huston,
H O Hoffer, Philipsburg,
H S DeLong, Curtin,
Wm Shaw, Gregg,
Harry Crissman, Snow Shoe,
Jesse Winkleblech, Haines,
W H Smith, Unionville,
John Grove, Gregg,
Robert Gardner, Ferguson,
John T Fowler, Taylor,
Henry Meeker, Burnside,
John Hunter, Miles,

TRAVERSE JURORS, FIFTH MONDAY.

Charles Bressle, Haines,
Wm Houser, Spring,
S T Askey, Snow Shoe,
John B Gooneen, Ferguson,
Fred Krumrine, College,
A W Atherton, Rush,
Fletcher Riddle, Patton,
W E Irwin, Philipsburg,
John Garberick, Spring,
T B Rumberger, Rush,
W H Adams, Milesburg,
Joseph Ross, Spring,
George Kaup, "
J W Mattern, Philipsburg,
D W Parker, "
S A Brew, Bellefonte,
Harris Way, Union,
Theo S Christ, College,
George Krape, Gregg,
Samuel M Martz, Haines,
Irwin Schenck, Liberty,
John I Thompson, College,
A V Carpenter, Philipsburg,
Samuel Bathurst, Boggs,
Amos Garberick, Spring,
J A Confer, Boggs,
Charles King, Snow Shoe,
Isreal Kaufman, Spring,
Simon Harper, Centre Hall,
Wm Wagner, Boggs,
Geo. K Baker, College,
Frank M. Grove, Rush,
D Z Kline, Bellefonte,
H H Osman, Worth,
Eph Glenn, Patton,
Milton Nyman, Boggs.

McMEEN ESCAPES.

The Juniata County Wife Murderer Scales the Jail Wall.

W. Josiah McMeen, convicted last spring of murder for wife poisoning, and confined in jail at Mifflintown awaiting the action of the Supreme Court on a motion for a new trial in his case, broke jail on Sunday night about 12 o'clock, with the assistance of a fellow prisoner. They succeeded in picking the locks of their cell doors, escaped to the jail yard and scaled the wall. The alarm was given about 12 45 a. m., and search was made by the Sheriff and others, but they failed to find him. Excitement prevails in that locality. The Sheriff is out with a posse scouring the surrounding ridges. A reward of $200 is offered by the Sheriff for his capture, and the County Commissioners at a meeting offered an additional reward of $400, making $600 the total amount that is promised the man who takes him.

We quote no leaders in DRY GOODS, but offer everything in the line fully as low as legitimate competition will or can afford it. We have no calicoes at 2 cents per yard, nor Canton flannels at 4 cents, as our regular trade have no use for such goods, but we have a full line of DRY GOODS comprising everything Domestic. Dry Goods and House-furnishing Goods, including carpets, at the very bottom prices, and the cheapest and best line of White and Colored Blankets ever offered in Bellefonte. S. & A. LOEB.

FOR SALE.

A new two-story dwelling house and lot with good stable near the railroad. If desired the purchaser can have one or more acres of ground ¼ mile east of station.

Also, building lots ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, prices $75 to $125 per lot, on easy terms. Apply to FRED KURTZ. tf

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

The largest variety of Ladies Coats ever shown in Centre county, all tailor-made to our own order by skilled operatives, Superior fit and workmanship. All the latest designs at prices as low as ordinary goods are offered at. Our aim has been to give as good a wrap in workmanship, fit and grade of goods as careful work and goods can make them. Try one of ours on before buying elsewhere.

S & A. LOEB.

MARRIED.

On Oct. 28, 1886, by Rev. A. R. Lambert, Mr. Lawrence A. Hile and Miss Bella Harter, all of near Bellefonte.

On Oct. 28, by Rev. A. R. Lambert, Mr. Charles Johnstonbaugh and Miss Mary Lyons, all of near Bellefonte.

On Oct. 28, by Rev. A. R. Lambert, Mr. Samuel McKinley and Miss Susan Wilson, both of Bellefonte.

October 23, 1886, at the bride's home, by Rev. A. N. Warner, Oscar B. Krebs and Myra M. Musser, both of Pine Grove Mills.

On Nov. 14, at the Reformed parsonage, Aaronsburg, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. James A. Treaster and Miss Sarah E. Styers, both of Coburn.

DIED.

At the home of his father, John Snyder, near Potters Mills, on Nov. 10, William L. Snyder, aged 23 years, 4 months and 25 days.

Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex. nov

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson a-sos. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 21st day of Oct, 1886, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of November next, being the 22d day of Nov. 1886, and to continue one weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of 22th day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 22nd days of Oct in the year of our Lord 1886, and the one hundred and tenth year of the Independence of the United States. WILES WALKER, Sheriff

DON'T EXPERIMENT.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at all drug stores.

The fact that you read the newspaper is evidence that you desire to keep posted up in what is going on. This paragraph is to inform you that Dreydoppels Borax Soap is the best soap made in America. Try it. nov.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the REPORTER, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain 25 Cents as a premium for advance pay.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

RED ASH COAL.

Woodland (Red Ash) coal for sale at the Centre Hall roller Mill. Free of cinder. tf

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage tf

FOR SALE.

Two farms belonging to the estate of Joseph Neff, deceased. Inquire of

A. A. DALE, Attorney,
Bellefonte

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17.—Wheat 83 for November.

Corn 44¾ for November. Oats 35 for November.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	18	Eggs	20
Ham	12	Sides	6
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	40
Lard	6		

LINDEN HALL MARKETS.

Wheat	$ 75	Butter	$ 14
Rye	56	Eggs	20
Oats	25	Lard	6
Ham 12, Shoulder 10.			

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 75	Oats	$ 25
Wheat, white	70	Rye	40
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	40

Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	14 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 35	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	18 50	" retail per cwt	1 20

burg, on

COAL MARKET,

Broken	$4.75
Egg	4.75
Stove	5.00
Small Stove	5.00
Chestnut	4.75
Pea	3.10
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.50

The above prices are for cash or grain only.

KURTZ & SON

AGENTS WANTED to sell "REMINISCENCES" of 60 YEARS in the NATIONAL METROPOLIS, BY BEN PERLEY POORE

Illustrating the Wit, Humor, and Eccentricities of Noted Celebrities. A Richly Illustrated treat of inner Society History, from "ye olden time" to the wedding of Cleveland. Wonderfully Popular. Agents report rapid sales. Address for circ'r and terms, HUBBARD BROS., Publishers. Philada. Pa. 17nov8t

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Howard Harter, deceased, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL HARTER,
Administrator

PUBLIC SALE—Will be sold at the residence of the undersigned at Centre Hill on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1886, 2 cows, 1 carriage, open buggy, sleigh, spring wagon, buggy tongue, fanning mill, hand corn sheller, wheel barrow, set buggy harness, digging irons, hoes, shovels, rakes, cow chains, hay fork, rope and pulleys, cider barrels, cider vinegar, copper kettle, iron kettle, tubs, churn, crocks, canned fruit and fruit jars, apple butter, 2 dining tables, 2 breakfast tables, book case, upholstered couch, ½ doz. cane seated chairs and rocker, ½ doz. dining room chairs, bed room sets, stair carpets, ingrain carpets, dishes, tin ware, sink, Juniata cook stove, 2 parlor stoves, dinner bell, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock.

SUE E. NEFF.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE—By virtue of an order of Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, 1 mile west of Tusseyville, in Potter township, the following described real estate of John Love, dec'd, on SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1886, at 1 o'clock. All that certain tract of land in said township, being his mansion farm, bounded on the north by land of Michael Spyker, on the east by lands of John Stover James Runkle and Wm. Boal's heirs, on the south by lot of Oliver H. Love and lands of Wm. Boal's heirs and on the west by lands of Joseph M'Clellan, Jacob Wagner and Michael Spyker, containing about 100 ACRES, more or less. Thereon erected a large 2-story frame dwelling HOUSE, BARN AND OUTBUILDINGS. The farm is under good cultivation, has an abundance of Fruit and Good Water.

Terms:—A sum equal to the costs in the proceedings in partition and expenses of sale, in hand, when the property is knocked down; one-third of the residue in cash upon confirmation of sale; one-third in one year thereafter with interest, and the remaining one-third at the death of Elizabeth Love, the widow of said decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life; said last two payments to be secured by Bond and Mortgage upon the premises. JAMES C. BOAL,

Trustee appointed by Court.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at the late residence of Daniel Luse, dec'd, at Spring Mills, on SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1886. All that certain House and Lot, situate at Spring Mills, adjoining land of R. H. Duncan, Mrs. Barger, Wm. R. From and others, containing 30 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a splendid 2-story dwelling HOUSE, GOOD STABLE, Carpenter Shop, all necessary outbuildings. The house is well finished on the inside and the improvements are all new and in the best of condition. There is a well and cistern at the door.

It is one of the most pleasant homes at Spring Mills.

Sale to begin at 2 p. m. when terms will be made known by M. L. RISHEL,

Executor of Dec'd.